

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

FEBRUARY 29, 1960

American's National Sports Weekly

25 CENTS



**OLYMPIC
REPORT**

**SQUAW VALLEY
OPENING DAY**

THE SOLID PLYMOUTH 1960
HAS BEEN TEST-DRIVEN
THE EQUIVALENT OF 20 YEARS
OF ROUGH USE. YOU WOULDN'T
WANT TO KEEP ANY
STATION WAGON THAT LONG.
BUT THAT'S NOT THE POINT.



Body and frame are welded as one unit with Dura-Quiet Unibody construction.

The point is Plymouth with Dura-Quiet Unibody should cost less to keep up, give more satisfaction and a better deal when you trade. We feel that this '60 Plymouth is the best built, best performing of all the low-price station wagons today.

Chrysler Corporation engineers decided on their new version of unit construction for wagons only after 200,000 test-track miles in a prototype Plymouth.

Close to 5900 steel-tight welds bind body and underella into one the strong, quiet, solid Unibody. Conventional body bolts are gone; so are the rattles that resulted. Doors, windows, tailgate fit tight. Rust and corrosion yield to new manufacturing processes.

With virtually trouble-free Unibody as its heart, your Plymouth Suburban will last. You should spend considerably less for maintenance over the miles.

What is more, this big, beautiful, comfortable wagon offers you many sensible features—features that make your Plymouth wagon more useful, more enjoyable. Drive it today.

A Chrysler-engineered product built a new solid way to give you solid satisfaction

SOLID PLYMOUTH 1960

See "THE STEVE ALLEN PLYMOUTH SHOW," Monday nights, NBC-TV 8-8:45P





February 28th, 1950:

The Day They Killed Cash

Jim Bishop: Reporter

Jim Bishop, the famous newspaperman, is the author of the best-selling books, "The Day Lincoln Was Shot" and "The Day Christ Died." He is also a widely syndicated columnist.

Cash, of course, has not died. If you think so, try doing without it. In my family it is used freely. Too freely. I have often asked my children if they thought I was made of it, and, after a moment of hesitation, they have said: "Yes." This proves that the girls are either not very bright, or too bright.

These days, I carry very little cash. The wallet has attained a slimmness I wish I could imitate. It holds about twenty dollars, some color photos of my grandchildren, a reporter's police card, an owner and driver's license, a St. Christopher medal and a Diners' Club Card.

That's enough to get me where I want to go, and home again safely. I don't need anything else. I was studying the Diners' Club Card—a miraculous piece of cardboard—and thinking of how far man has traveled in trying to understand his own needs.

Not too many centuries ago—a slow wink in the eye of Sirius—there were no banks. Whatever currency a family had was kept in jars around the house. If the house burned, or was robbed, the family fortune disappeared. Then came the first private banks, and these economists charged a fee to store money for safekeeping.

It was not until later that bankers found out that money on deposit could be invested for the good of all, and that interest could be paid to the depositor. Some of these men, you will recall, invested unwisely in the years 1907 and 1929, and long lines of discouraged depositors stood before closed banks, hoping

the hope of the hopeless.

This led to the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, which means that the United States Government endorsed savings accounts, and stopped the failure of banks. It also led to the cheap checking account, through which the average wage earner could pay his bills by writing on a slip of paper. This check was a long step in the right direction. It honored the signature of the private citizen.

Now we have the Diners' Club Card, which is credit carried out as far as it will go. It does much more than cash and has more muscles than a certified check. The D.C. Card keeps track of your expenses. In my case, the card does a great deal of accounting; it tells me how much I spent here, there and everywhere and it is an excellent record of business expenses when income tax time comes.

The card is nearly universal in its use. It can be used to buy thousands of items and services—clothing, dinner, hotel rooms,

boats, liquor, tires, cars, plane trips, luggage, stenographic services, recordings, cameras, fishing equipment, gifts, flowers—many, many things. Among the items it will not buy are a space ship, a dental extraction and a guide conducted tour of the Kremlin.

The D.C. executives are working on these. The cost of becoming a member is \$5. The low fee led to some suspicion on my part. I figured that if I bought \$1,000 worth of merchandise, and the Diners' Club had to bill me for these things, they would be losing money and I do not like to deal with people who lose money.

Then I learned that the Club collects on the other end. It gets discounts on your bills and more. The restaurants, the luggage shops, the department stores, the airline companies, all pay a small percentage of the bill to Diners' Club. On my end, I pay the straight retail price.

A Diners' Club Card is more important to me than cash. It's a miraculous piece of cardboard.



Bishop

DINERS' CLUB, Coliseum Tower, 10 Columbus Circle, New York 19, N. Y.

ADDRESS ALL APPLICATIONS TO THIS BOX FIRST

FULL NAME _____ FOR OFFICE USE

HOME ADDRESS _____ CITY _____ STATE _____

Phone _____ Rent home _____ Own home _____ Years at present address _____

COMPANY NAME _____ Nature of business _____

Address _____ CITY _____ STATE _____

Phone _____ Years with above firm _____ Position _____

BANK NAME & ADDRESS _____ Rtg. Checking ☐ Spec. Checking ☐ Savings ☐ Loan ☐

CHARGE ACCOUNTS AT _____

SIGNATURE OF INDIVIDUAL APPLICANT _____

AUTHORIZATION FOR COMPANY ACCOUNT _____ SIGNATURE OF OFFICIAL _____ TITLE _____

Have you held a Diners' Club card previously? ☐ If address to existing account, show number _____

\$5 FEE. ENCLOSED ☐ BILL ME ☐

Return 12 month membership from this card if issued (includes one year's subscription to Diners' Club Magazine in 1950)

CHECK ONE ☐ COMPANY ACCOUNT ☐ Bill sent to office address ☐ PERSONAL ACCOUNT ☐ Bill sent to home address

ONLY ☐ PERSONAL ACCOUNT ☐ Bill sent to office address

Card holder assumes individual responsibility with Diners' Club

11 NY-512



I
knew
right away
I would
like you.
You're so
simple
and
uncomplicated.
Vodka,
**Rose's
Lime Juice**
and a
single
island
of ice.
What do
they
call you?
Gimlet?
Why that's
a perfectly
adorable
name!

Gin is also great for the Gimlet.
Recipe: 4 or 5 parts gin or vodka
to 1 part Rose's Lime Juice, over ice,
in an old-fashioned or cocktail glass.

IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND



Cover: Opening Day ▶

U.S. Figure Skater Carol Heiss takes the athletes' oath to open the Winter Games at Squaw Valley. A word and picture report on the first winners begins on page 21.

Photograph by John G. Zimmerman

Next week



▶ It's that time again, Marc Sement paints baseball spring training in color, and Writer-Pitcher Jim Brosnan presents an insider's view of what life is like at a major league camp.

▶ Final results of the Winter Olympic Games: the victors at Squaw Valley, the vanquished, the big surprises—and the human stories that lie behind them. By Ray Terrell.

▶ In color and text, the quarterly SPORTING LOOK preview notes a modern phenomenon: the new air age demands that clothes bridge the gap between winter chill and desert heat.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED published weekly by TIME Inc., 440 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. This issue is published in national and regional editions. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Subscriptions: U.S. & Canada \$7.50 per year.



Contents

FEBRUARY 23, 1965 Volume 12, Number 9

- 20 The Heroes of Squaw Valley
Some revolutions were afoot, and some mighty victories were cheered at the Winter Games
- 30 Wild Day at Daytona
Sparks, fenders, whole automobiles went flying at the first big stock-car races of the year
- 40 Scientific Advice: 'Shut Up!'
An oscilloscope shows what can happen when a backseat driver joins you on a sporty course
- 46 Squaw is a Furry Festival
Fashion Editor Fred R. Smith finds some exciting new skin games at the Olympics
- 49 From Riches to Rags
Faces out of prizefighting's recent past stare at the passer-by from tattered billboards
- 56 Indiana Makes a Big Splash
The once humble Hoosier swimmers came up this week with a stunning win over Michigan
- 68 The Webb of Mystery
The co-owner of the Yankees, Del E. Webb, is brought to shape center by Joe David Brown

The departments

- | | |
|-------------------------|---------------------|
| 8 Scoreboard | 58 Travel |
| 15 Basketball's Week | 61 Tip from the Top |
| 37 Events & Discoveries | 62 Track |
| 44 Food | 64 Charles Goren |
| 46 Sporting Look | 81 19th Hole |
| 54 Baseball | 84 Pat on the Back |
| 56 Swimming | |

Advertisements on page 12



TRIG keeps a man so odor-free a bloodhound couldn't find him!

- 🐾 TRIG's the new deodorant designed especially for men!
- 🐾 TRIG checks odor up to 27 hours, perspiration all day!
- 🐾 TRIG protection builds for hours after you roll it on. That's staying power!
- 🐾 TRIG has a clean smell and a neat roll-on applicator.



BY BRISTOL-MYERS, MAKERS OF BUFFERIN®, VITALIS®, IPANA®

MEMO from the publisher

HERE IS," Jack Twyman wrote of Maurice Stokes to Staff Writer Jerry Tax, "particularly proud of Art Shay's photo of himself standing alone. It occupies a prominent spot in his room as a constant reminder of the ultimate goal."

But Jack Twyman also felt he had to break his hard-traveling basketball itinerary to tell Tax personally of other results of *A Brave Man and a Good Friend*, which appeared only three weeks ago. He came from Syracuse to do it.

"Maurice has got more than 500 letters already," Twyman said. "This kind of help can't be measured. They are very dear to Maurice in his recovery. About 100 of them contained money, about \$1,200 in all. I sure hope you people appreciate your readers."



TWYMAN (R) TO TAX (L), "I SURE HOPE YOU APPRECIATE —"

Jack Twyman tends toward understatement. This is how he sincerely regards the circumstances by which he became the guardian of his encephalitis-stricken teammate on the Cincinnati Royals: "Anybody would have done the same thing."

The Sportsmanship Brotherhood doesn't agree with him. On March 15th at New York's Hotel Astor it will give Twyman its annual award.

One letter which Maurice Stokes has not yet seen came to Managing Editor Sidney L. James from Joseph C. Flynn, the principal of School 37, Buffalo:

"Enclosed find check. Please send as promptly as you can 50 copies of your February 1 edition to be placed in our classrooms. I would like them for our Brotherhood Week activities."

"By the way, our faculty plays our varsity on February 11. We shall forward the proceeds to the Stokes-Twyman Fund. The proceeds perhaps won't be much, as ours is an elementary school."

Readers inclined as Mr. Flynn may also write—to Jack Twyman and Maurice Stokes, Christ Hospital, Cincinnati, Ohio, or to any of us here.



STOKES STANDING

Arthur Murphy

SUBSCRIPTION RATES U.S., Canada and U.S. Possessions, 1 yr. \$7.50. All other subscriptions, 1 yr. \$10.00.

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE & CORRESPONDENCE J. Edward King, General Manager. Mail subscription, orders, correspondence and instructions for change of address to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 540 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois. Change of address requires three weeks notice. Please name magazine and furnish address label from a recent issue, or state exactly how magazine is addressed. Include postal or airmail. Change requires aid as well as new address.

EDITORIAL & ADVERTISING CORRESPONDENCE SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.

OTHER TIME INC. PUBLICATIONS TIME, LIFE, FORTUNE, ARCHITECTURAL FORUM and HOUSE & HOME. Chairman, Clarence T. Moore. President, Roy E. Lueser. Executive Vice Presidents, Howard Stark, Charles L. Sullivan. Administrative Vice Presidents, D. W. Brunswick, C. D. Jackson. Vice Presidents, Edgar R. Baker, Bernard Barnes, Clay Backlund, Arnold W. Carlson, Allen Grover, Andrew Hinkell, J. Richard King, James A. Latta, Ralph D. Pease Jr., P. E. Proctor, William C. Pullen Jr., Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, John F. Hursey.

Jimmy Jemail's
HOTBOX



THE QUESTION: *Do basketball referees favor the home team?*
(Asked of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's basketball correspondents)



KAYE KESSLER
The Columbus
Citizen-Journal
Columbus, Ohio

Definitely, but generally unconsciously. Many are influenced by crowd reactions: some are intimidated by the home coach. The official who is out of position frequently lets the partisan audience's judgment serve as his own.



LARRY ROECK
The Courier-Journal
Louisville

Consciously, officials attempt to be objective on any court and for the most part succeed. However, subconsciously, in important games before big home crowds, they may slightly favor the home team.



HAYS GOREY
The Salt Lake Tribune
Salt Lake City

Yes, but not nearly so much as they did a few years ago. I've seen a number of games in which the home team was itself "homeered." A few years ago it would have bordered on the fantastic to even imagine such a thing happening.

continued

YOU'RE READY
FOR
ANYTHING
IN THE ADLER
ADLON!



SOFT ORLON® AND STRETCH NYLON make this stylish absorbent crew sock hold its shape and stay up! Available in 14 different color combinations: white, charcoal or navy with red band; maize or camel with brown band; red, grey, antique gold, charcoal green, charcoal brown or charcoal blue with black band; white or powder blue with navy band; black with light gray band. One size fits 10 to 13. \$1.25 a pair. At fine stores everywhere or write to: The Adler Company Dept. S22, Cincinnati 14, Ohio.

14-1227-1 with name for 14 days only

HARRIS TWEED: THE WELL-BRED FABRIC

The aristocrat of tweeds—as distinctive as it is distinguished. No two handsome patterns or heather-rich colorings are ever alike. Each reflects the weaver's personal taste. Harris Tweed is dyed, spun, hand-woven and finished from pure Scottish wool in the Outer Hebrides of Scotland.

Look for it in colorful Sport Jackets and handsome Topcoats at leading stores. Sport Jacket shown about \$50.



Insist on this label in your garment to be sure you're getting time-honored Harris Tweed. The Harris Tweed Trade Mark is owned and administered by the Harris Tweed Association, Ltd., London, England.



FOR U.S. INQUIRIES: SUITE 807, 295 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

SIMPLEX CHALLENGER RACING KARTS

More thrilling than Indianapolis racing because YOU are the driver in America's newest, safest sport!



Retail from
\$139
to
\$259

The Challenger is a masterpiece of mechanical ingenuity. Challengers are the only Karts that are equipped with two shoe automatic internal expanding brakes and a steering mechanism that racing experts consider the ultimate in Kart Racing Control. Every Challenger is delivered ready to race. Our Free Literature answers all your questions about this great Sport, together with full color pictures of all Simplex Machines.

DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED

SIMPLEX MANUFACTURING CORP.

340 N. Carrollton Ave. • Dept. TL
Riverside, Cal. 92504

THE 1ST MARKET TO BUY

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
Its 900,000 reader-families
are pacesetters who buy first.
So more and more advertisers
make it their first buy.



Privacy For Executive Meetings

Newest, most beautiful lodge in Georgian Bay area... Ideal for group use... Complete privacy... Inspiring view... Best fishing in North America... Comfortable meeting rooms... Heated pool and steam baths... Delicious food... Boating and camp-outs... Tastefully furnished twin-bedrooms... Attractive rates for parties of up to 64 people... Easy to reach by road, boat, Trans-Canada Airlines, or charter plane... Send for color brochure.

KILLARNEY, Dept. S

15 June 15, address: KILLARNEY, ONTARIO
P.O. BOX 271, DETROIT
MI 48201
After June 15, address: KILLARNEY, ONTARIO
Tel. Killarney 17

HOTBOX rebound



JACK GALLAGHER
The Houston Post

Yes. The integrity of basketball officials is beyond question. But the reactions of the crowd undoubtedly influence their decisions. Although conscientious and fair, the officials are anxious to please, and their anxiety to lean over backward and satisfy the home crowd often affects their calls.



MARTIE ZAD
The Washington Post
and Times Herald

No. Intentionally, but it seems at times that the crowd and the official's familiarity with what the home team is trying to accomplish do influence a referee's subconscious, and as a result—his whistle. Statisticians prove that home teams receive more calls in their favor. This cannot be called a coincidence year after year.



CHUCK WHITLOCK
El Paso Times

Intentionally no, but in fact yes, at times. Some officials are unknowingly influenced by familiarity with team, coach and the court. But I've seen officials lean over backward to avoid partiality and actually penalize the home team. Favoritism toward the home team is generally in the mind of the beholder.



BOB MORRISON
St. Louis
Post-Dispatch

This seems to happen occasionally but, I think, much less frequently than, say, 10 or more years ago. When unusual bias appears, I believe it is usually because an official lacks the quickness to be positive about what he has seen. Therefore he guesses. When he guesses, his sympathies often affect his calls.

A Real Wild Town

John Kieran's New York is a delightful jungle of living things, from algae to minks

by JOHN O'REILLY

NEW YORKERS periodically express amazement over evidence of wildlife within the limits of their sprawling city. They seem to think that because almost 8 million people are squeezed into this area there is no room for wild animals. Hence, a duck hawk diving on pigeons among Manhattan skyscrapers, a raccoon prowling the northern reaches of The Bronx or even a praying mantis scaring the wits out of Greenwich Villagers is cause for extended coverage in the newspapers.

Professional and amateur naturalists who make a habit of studying the natural wonders of the city tend to smirk at such reports. They are aware that despite its expanses of pavement and buildings the city supports a greatly varied flora and fauna. Numerous works on phases of nature in the big city have come from this group in the past; books, articles and pamphlets on mammals, birds, ferns, etc. Now John Kieran has wrapped up the subject in a comprehensive volume called *A Natural History of New York City* (Houghton Mifflin Company, \$5.75).

OF INTEREST TO ALL

This book is not solely for New Yorkers. As Kieran says in his foreword, "It might well have been written by any of a hundred other persons on the wildlife of a hundred other large cities scattered over the globe." The creatures of which he writes are not confined to New York City. They may be found in the woods and yards of a wide area of the country. But when it comes to Kieran writing on nature in New York—you couldn't pick a better man for the job.

Kieran is a multipurpose individual. Some remember him as a sports-writer with *The New York Times*. Most persons recall his phenomenal

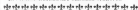
continued



COGNAC OF THE COGNOSCENTI . . .

Cognac Polignac offers leisurely pleasures for an educated palate—a seductive bouquet to savor slowly, the deep classic flavor of a great cognac. After dinner, of course—but as appropriate over ice any time. Polignac is the only cognac that is controlled from grape to glass by the Cognac Cooperative of France.

35 PROOF COGNAC, IMPORTED FROM COGNAC, FRANCE BY DONALD A. WILFRED, NEW YORK, IMPORTER OF QUALITY OF BEVERAGES AND WINEHOUSE RESTAURANTS



NEW
SKI TRAILS
AND LIFT
MAKE YOUR
BROADMOOR
WINTER
VACATION MORE
FUN THAN EVER!



Now you can ski, play golf, swim, ride, ice skate—or just relax in the sun and enjoy the scenery—all in the same day, thanks to mountains that tower above the Broadmoor's bright, warm valley!

Delightful food, world-renowned wine cellar, perfect service—plus entertainment, dancing, shops, tours, etc.

YOU'LL LIKE IT!

Write to Dept 224
for color brochure and
available reservations



THE BROADMOOR

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO

"Oh somewhere in this favored land . . ."

. . . someone is winning a glorious victory—or striking out on a monumental scale, as did mighty Casey in the famous poem. Either way it would have been great to watch. But if you couldn't be there, simply read about it in next week's *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*.

For the best in sports, 52 weeks a year, keep your eye on America's National Sports Weekly.



Better
Insured
Invested

MODERN LIVABLE LOG HOMES

BY FOYNE FALLS



Here's your answer for that summer hide-away, or year-round home. Modern—yet truly different . . . a Boyne Falls Log Home. Choose from 38 different designs—from one to five bedrooms—or have a Boyne Falls Log Home designed to your specifications. You'll save building costs too, with this pre-cut log construction. All four walls can go up in one day. Financing Available

Write For
Illustrated
Catalog
50¢

BOYNE FALLS LOG HOMES
BOYNE FALLS, MICHIGAN



THE LAST WORD IN ELEGANCE



The DUPLEX LAST... a STACY-ADAMS exclusive.
Combines distinguished styling and solid comfort.

BLACK OR TAWNY BROWN Style 421, 422

You Ought to Be in Our Shoes®



STACY-ADAMS CO., Dept. 51, Brockton 62, Mass.

WILD TOWN review

display of knowledge and memory during the 12 years he was on the radio program *Information Please*. Others know him through his books on nature. But Kieran has achieved his greatest purpose in putting down the results of half a century of urban nature study. Born and raised in The Bronx, he began his nature ramblings in the Riverdale section and in the Van Cortlandt Park swamp, a place deeply loved by generations of nature students.

NO ADDENDA NEEDED

In presenting nature in New York Kieran doesn't resort to keys, charts or lengthy lists. Nor is his text augmented by color plates festooned with birds and flowers. The only illustrations are decorative drawings by Henry Bugbee Kane. Kieran's method is to move along at an easy pace through 406 pages, discussing the various groups species by species. This is a bold approach when the writer is dealing with the whole wildlife spectrum from algae to mammals.

At the outset he devotes three short chapters to the human history, the geology and the geography and climate of the city. Then he plunges into the monumental task of discussing each species. Obviously there are some groups, such as the insects, where it is impossible to deal with all species in such a book, but the 18-page index indicates the impressive number treated. To the nature student this method of handling the material is an uncommon delight. The average reader, however, may become a bit weary of so many birds, flowers and insects, and Kieran is the first to admit it.

After dealing with a lengthy array of warblers he says, "I have very good ears. They have been most helpful to me in finding birds in the field. They serve well elsewhere, too. At this moment, for instance, I can almost hear the reader muttering: 'Is the man mad? Is there no end to his romancing about wandering warblers he met on city property?' The good news is that the warbler story is almost ended. I have just two more members of the family to present."

To include such a passage in a book a man has to be sure of his ground. As far as I am concerned John Kieran can go on romancing about warblers, or any other group, as long as he pleases.

END

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: Harry R. Lane
EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT: Albert L. Farth
PRESIDENT: Roy R. Larson
EDITORIAL DIRECTOR: Hedley Doreman
MANAGING EDITOR: Sidney L. Jones

ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITORS
Richard W. Johnson
Arden Laporte
John Tibby

ART DIRECTOR: Jerome Snyder

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

ARTICLE: Perry Knauth

| | |
|-------------------|----------------|
| Eva Bowen | James Murray |
| Robert Coombe | Colin Flaherty |
| Andrew Crickson | Paul R. Smith |
| Robert S. Howlett | Whitney Tower |
| Gerald Holland | Norman Wood |
| Mervin Kane | Alfred Wright |

STAFF WRITERS

| | |
|----------------------|-------------------|
| Walter Brughan | Mervin Lane |
| Ray Carr | Hendrick B. Maule |
| Alvin Higgins | Gilbert Rogers |
| Hustan Igar | Kenneth Rudman |
| Mervin Hyman | Jermiah Tux |
| Richard Alden Knight | Ray Terrell |
| Virginia Kraft | Jo Abner Zell |

PHOTOGRAPHY

PICTURE EDITOR: Gerald Auer
ASSISTANT: Betty Deel, Dorothy Merr
STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER: John G. Zimmerman

CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHERS:

| | |
|-------------------|------------------|
| Jerry Cooke | Richard Mink |
| Leanne Dahl-Wolfe | Mervin E. Newman |
| Tom Frazee | My Paskin |
| David Goodnow | |

COLOR FILM EDITOR: Eva Schultz

WHEELER REPORTERS

EDITOR: Homer Espenak

Guyton S. Brown

William Leggett

REPORTERS

| | |
|------------------|-------------------|
| Mary Snow | Howe Mary Morahan |
| Thomas Aulderson | Arne W. Schacht |
| John Campbell | Corinne Schwartz |
| Peggy Conway | John Stimpson |
| Col Fland | George Walsh |
| Barbara Friedman | Howard Woodcock |
| Mary Jane Hodges | Roger Williams |
| Patricia Jeffrey | |

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

| | |
|--------------------------|-----------------------|
| Roger Bonnstetter, Frank | John O'Reilly, Nature |
| Charles Goren, Cards | Boyd Prudden, |
| Burdell "Boo" Granger, | Phonograph Future |
| Football | Homer Salton, Travel |
| Jimmy Jensen, Hobbies | William F. Tubbett, |
| Mary Frost Nelson, Food | Tennis |
| Carlton Mitchell, | Harriet Warren |
| Footbal | Wind, Golf |

ASSISTANT TO THE MANAGING EDITOR

Henry J. Roansey

EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS

| | |
|--------------|--------------------|
| Anne Duzant | Eleanore Milosovic |
| Ann Lockhart | Morton Shuman |

ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT

Margaret Harris

PRODUCTION

EDITOR: Arthur L. Bradley

OFFICE: Beatrice Gutthab

| | |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| George J. Hoadwood | Arthur A. Goughner |
| Betty Deel, Mervin | Louis Malatesta |
| Ingelburg Perle | Reina Taylor |

LAYOUT

CHIEF: Alfred Szegess

| | |
|-------------------|-----------------|
| William Bernales | Martin Nathan |
| Harvey Gray | Corbinne Storch |
| Brendan F. Malyer | |

U.S. & FOREIGN BUREAUS

REPORTERS: Earl Barton

Washington, Chicago, Los Angeles, Detroit, Atlanta, Boston, Dallas, Denver, San Francisco, Seattle, Anaheim, Ottawa, Montreal, Toronto, Calgary, Editor or Correspondent: James Shepley

London, The Hague, Paris, Rome, Rome, Vienna, Zurich, Johannesburg, Beirut, New Delhi, Tokyo, Hong Kong, Mexico City, Panama City, Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Aires

EDITOR or CORRESPONDENT: Ernest John Hughes

PUBLISHER: Arthur R. Murphy Jr.

ADVERTISING DIRECTOR: L. L. Callaway Jr.

DO YOU KNOW THE FORD
FALCON HAS MORE THAN
TWICE AS MUCH LUGGAGE
SPACE AS REAR ENGINE CARS?



YOU CAN TAKE MORE
THAN TWICE AS
MUCH IN A FALCON!

TWICE AS
MUCH OF
WHAT?



ANYTHING
YOU HAVE!



I DON'T HAVE
ANYTHING!



Well then, Linus, you could use all that trunk space for carrying all the money you'd save with a Falcon. (And you'd need a trunk!) First of all, you'd save on the price. The Falcon is America's lowest priced 6-passenger car. And you'd save on gas. And on service. And on insurance. Oh, the Falcon would save you a trunkful of money. (All right, if you had any money!) *FORD DIVISION, Ford Motor Company.*

EASIEST CAR IN THE WORLD TO OWN

FORD Falcon

If you think flavor went out when try Marlboro

—the filter cigarette with the unfiltered taste

If you think flavor went out when filters came in, you've got another smoke coming. Make it Marlboro. This one delivers the goods on flavor. Always has. That famous Marlboro Filter-Flavor recipe gives a man a lot of flavor to draw on—and mighty easy drawing it is.

Sort of nice to know a cigarette so good can be so comfortable to smoke through Marlboro's exclusive Selectrate filter.



Flip-Top box or king-size soft pack

Make yourself

filters came in—

oro



comfortable

—have a Marlboro



"Why didn't I think of Long Distance before?"

"After my friend told me about calling her folks every week, I tried it too.

"It's wonderful! I get such a lift out of hearing their voices and sharing all the news. You can bet I'll call them often from now on!"

* * *

Right now would be a good time to enjoy a visit by phone with your folks.

LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW

Here are some examples:

| | |
|--------------------------------------|--------|
| Cincinnati to Indianapolis | 40¢ |
| Pittsburgh to Buffalo | 55¢ |
| New Orleans to Houston | 80¢ |
| Boston to St. Louis | \$1.20 |
| Philadelphia to Dallas | \$1.30 |

These are the Station-to-Station rates for the first three minutes, after 6 p.m. and all day Sunday. Add the 10% federal excise tax.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Call by number. It's twice as fast.



SCOREBOARD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

TRACK & FIELD—Under a scorching sun in Melbourne, Herb Elliott, who has run 12 sub-four-minute miles, won the Victorian State mile title by 66 yards with a 6:55 final quarter that earned him to the tape, hardly puffing, in 4:46 exactly. "It is a bit too hot to run really fast," he said.

HORSE RACING—Capt. Harry Guggenheim's 5-year-old **Bald Eagle**, Mutual Texas up, staged a powerful stretch drive to beat Calumet's On-and-On by 3/4 of a length in the \$120,000 Widener Handicap at Hialeah, Fla. The winner's time was a track record 1:54 1/2 for the 1 1/4 mile, but the big surprise



BALD EAGLE WINS THE \$120,000 WIDENER

was *deceit* showing by Sward Dancer, 1959 Horse of the Year, who finished seventh in the eight-horse field.

BOXING—Boxing's news was made by a mortician, a major general and a tax collector. Anthony Marcano, a Providence undertaker who doubles as president of the ineffectual National Boxing Association, abruptly decided that the NBA should start making disciplinary moves, withdrew recognition of **Archie Moore** as light heavyweight champion on the grounds that he had failed to defend his title within the prescribed six-month period. Decision carries little punch since major boxing states New York, California and Massachusetts are not NBA members, but Moore, chagrined, collapsed into bed and was put on sedation. "It took an undertaker to take the title away from me," he announced bitterly. "That's something that a challenger was never able to do."

In New York, **Major General Martin Armstrong** (retired), state boxing commission chairman, granted a promoter's license after six weeks of wrangling to **Frederic Sports, Inc.**, the group headed by Ray M. Cohn and Humbert Fogarty which plans to put on the off-again on-again **Johannes-Patterson** title rematch this June. In Washington, Internal Revenue Commissioner **Douglass** announced that the U.S. has decided to *abolish* the tax term of a staggering, unpayable tax debt which has reached \$1,256,000, will henceforth leave the former heavyweight champion in financial peace.

CONTINUED



Number One in the Wonderful World of Sound



THE PERFECTED SOUND OF COLUMBIA HIGH FIDELITY MAKES THIS TODAY'S MOST ADVANCED ENTERTAINMENT CENTER

It's ALL here . . . a great 6-speaker Stereo 1 High Fidelity phonograph and AM/FM radio in ONE magnificent cabinet—no remote speakers needed! This fabulous Columbia sound system is another "First" from CBS Electronics, acknowledged leader in sound reproduction. It plays all records, all speeds . . . gives your present records realism and richness you never heard in them before . . . gives stereo the most exciting performance imaginable . . . makes radio a wonderful new adventure. Features: • automatic record changer • huge record storage space • Columbia CD Cartridge • Diamond stylus. Model C-1158, walnut, mahogany, cherry. Columbia consoles begin at \$129.95; portables at \$24.95. Shop your Columbia phonograph dealer now for Golden Sixty Bonus values.

Prices slightly higher in some areas of south and west.

Columbia Phonographs, 405 Park Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.



Treat
your guests
royally

Arrow Creme de Menthe

There's no more regal treat than a delicious Arrow Creme de Menthe frappe . . . either after dinner or as a casual drink. It adds a touch of luxury and glamour.

Also delightful as a highball or over the rocks.



ARROW LIQUEURS CORP., DETROIT 7, MICH. . . 60 PROOF



S. F. A's
Black Olive:
new
Dacron®
and cotton
raincoat

We predict a classic-in-the-making, on and off campus. This balmacaan model, tailored to our own specifications, is traditional, the black-olive color is new, rich and subtle. Water-repellent, completely washable and lined with a clan plaid, 36-44 reg., short, long, x-long, 32.50. Sixth Floor. Mail and phone orders.

Hydrotex Blue

UNIVERSITY SHOP

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

New York, White Plains, Springfield, N. J., Beverly Hills, Princeton, Cambridge, Chicago, Detroit, New Haven, Skokie

When you
DINE Italian,
WINE Italian with
RUFFINO

Italy's Prize
CHIANTI
Red or White

Schietto & Co
New York Importers
Since 1796



SCOREBOARD continued

faces in the crowd . . .



EUGENIO MONTE, 32, Italian baseballer who won recent world, U.S. title, skidded down Lake Placid chute with U.S. Teammate Charles Pandolfi in record 1:10.49 trial run, then added North American title three days later.

PAT DUANE, perky blonde skipper from Delray Beach, Fla., aided by her husband Jack as crew, won three firsts in final-day races, captured the winner's trophy in Midwinter Flying Dutchman regatta at Tampa.



PAUL FURLONG, 43-year-old Caryl Gables airplane-equipment dealer, turned for kites to a sweep of both heats in 266-cubic-inch class, won the featured race of Bismarck Bay powerboat regatta at Miami.

GEOFFREY ATKINS, 33, British oil company executive planning a return home after 6 1/2 years in U.S., defeated Tom Pugh 16-16, 15-4, 15-1, 11-13, 15-13 in the final, won U.S. requests singles for 54th time, at Philadelphia.



TOWNSEND SWATER, 32, captain of Harvard crew that won Henley's Grand Challenge Cup last summer, now student at Oxford, was named to pull the No. 3 oar this April in traditional race against Cambridge.

JUDY BUTLER, 16-year-old Colby Junior College skier, returned through 56-pair giant slalom course in 2:21.1 to defeat international field, win women's division of Ryan Cup race at Mount Tremblant, Que.



JACK FLECK, 36, won first golf tourney since 1936 U.S. Open with 68-71 playoff victory over Bill Collins in Phoenix Open. Said Fleck: "It's wonderful to get back into the winner's circle. It's been a long time."

CONTINUED



A RARE KIND OF CAR FOR A RARE KIND OF MAN—THE CHRYSLER 300/F

Call him a connoisseur. A man who values superb engineering and custom workmanship. To him, the brilliant 300-F by Chrysler offers potent and exciting allure. For good reason.

The look of the "F" betrays its race-bred parentage. Ideally scaled for comfortable, uncramped going in city or country, in any weather. Beauty that suggests a multitude of unique attractions. Power. Ram-Injection V-8 power that wolfs miles with incredible ease. Power that will saunter to the station, growl like a lion, purr like a

tomcat. **Handling.** Quick, agile. The 300-F is a leech in the corners. Brakes react with instant, power-assisted precision. **Comfort.** Served in individual leather bucket seats.

Few cars in the world perform with such effortless authority. Reason enough why you cannot build a car like the 300-F hurriedly or in great numbers. Reason enough why the 300-F appeals so strongly to a loyal and knowledgeable following.



Exclusive, exciting, engineered for action!

12 SPORTS ILLUSTRATED February 26, 1960

Budweiser®

where there's life...there's Bud.

SPECIAL LYRICS:
They're the 101 words
that tell the world
about the KING of beers.
You'll find them on
every BUDWEISER label.



ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC. • ST. LOUIS
NEWARK • LOS ANGELES • N. BAY • TAMPA

AT LAST-A COOL SUIT WORTHY OF THE NAME: PLATEAU!

...and it stays fresh-looking—Fabric by Pacific, loomed with Kodel! Men all around the country have made Timely Clothes' Plateau® the best-selling year 'round suit in America—they can't resist the comfort of its amazing "weightless feel". Now Timely Clothes announces a new Plateau for hot weather. Cool, light, crisp-looking—it's as far ahead in hot-weather comfort as regular Plateau is, the rest of the year! Resists wrinkles, holds its crease, stays fresh because Pacific Mills looms the new fabric with Kodel®. And every Plateau holds its shape extra seasons—it's made with sag-resisting Balanced Tailoring. Shown right: new Plateau Summer Suit. Left: year 'round Plateau, available in patterns, solids, bridescent. Timely Clothes, Rochester 2, New York.

Timely Clothes
A
PLATEAU
Suits by
PACIFIC MILLS

Balanced Tailoring® makes
TIMELY



CLOTHES
look better longer!



*55% Kodel polyester by Pacific—45% worsted

BASKETBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

As the end of the college basketball season neared, vengeful underdogs rose to vent their wrath on season-long leaders. Georgia Tech, West Virginia, Utah State, Texas A&M, North Carolina and Dartmouth, among others, were upset, throwing conference races into general confusion and giving the NCAA tournament selection committees agonizing fits.

NIT officials had done their shopping early, recently added St. John's (16-5) and Holy Cross (17-3) to NIT's swelling ranks, patiently waited to snatch the runners-up in the Missouri Valley (Cincinnati or Bradley), Skyline (Utah or Utah State) and Mid-Atlantic (St. Joseph's or LaSalle) conferences to fill three of four remaining berths. Other possibilities: St. Louis (16-6), Xavier (17-6), DePaul (18-5), Navy (18-5), Seton Hall (18-6). Meanwhile, the NCAA could count on only NYU (15-3), Miami (21-3) and Ohio U. (14-4), the Mid-American Conference winner, but was almost sure to get defending champion California (20-1), Ohio State (19-2), Georgia Tech (20-4), Idaho State (19-3).

THE SOUTHWEST

The unpredictable Southwest Conference was tied up tighter than a cowboy's knot, but all eyes were on Texas after the surprising Longhorns trounced Texas A&M 79-62 at Austin to join the startled Aggies and SMU in first place.

Texas got off fast, piled up a 16-point lead in the early minutes and never let up as Jay Arnette, Albert Ammons and Brendon Hughes shot the Aggies dizzy. Then Texas whipped Texas Tech 74-61, and it was apparent that the Longhorns, dead last a year ago, would be difficult to shrug off as contenders. SMU disposed of Rice 75-58 and TCU 98-67, and the Aggies recovered to beat Arkansas 82-61, setting the stage for their showdown battle in Dallas Tuesday night.

West Texas State broke through a late freeze, thanks to some alert ball-hawking by Keith Blair, overhauled New Mexico State 69-63, then beat Texas Western 72-59 to grab a half-game lead over the faltering Aggies and Arizona State in the Border Conference. NIT-bound Memphis State invaded Oklahoma City, set back the Chiefs 70-66. The top three:

1. TEXAS (20-4)
2. TEXAS A&M (20-3)
3. SMU (19-4)

THE WEST

"Definitely better than last year. Tandy Gillis is one of the finest corner shooters

around, Derrall Imhoff is vastly improved, Bill McClintock is a master of all the rudiments of the game . . . he holds them together." This was UCLA Coach Johnny Wooden's educated appraisal of California after the bruising Bears held his Bruins to four field goals in the first half, beat them 67-57 to clinch a tie for the Big Five title.

Utah State's stalwart runners finally ran out of steam, succumbed to Colorado State U. and its devastating jump shooter, Larry Hoffner, 68-60, moved over to make room at the top of the Skyline for Utah, its most persistent pursuer. The Utes won twice, outshooting Denver 109-77, New Mexico 91-88. The league championship will be decided Saturday in Logan.

San Francisco, setting the role of spoiler, upset St. Mary's 73-54, cut the Gaels' West Coast lead to a half game over Loyola, Pepperdine and Santa Clara. Rocky Mountain leader Idaho State defeated Montana State 68-59 for its 15th straight. The top three:

1. CALIFORNIA (20-0)
2. UTAH (20-0)
3. UTAH STATE (19-3)

THE SOUTH

It was a frantic week in the Southeastern Conference and, when it was over, Georgia Tech's harried Yellow Jackets breathed an audible sigh of relief. For a short while, though, the picture in Atlanta was obscured in grim uncertainty. First, Tennessee, on Glenn Campbell's last-second 15-foot jump shot, upset the Jackets 65-63, dropping them into a three-way tie for first place with Kentucky and Auburn. Georgia next gave them a bad scare, going down stubbornly before Roger Kaiser's outside clutch shooting 69-68. At last came the good news. Auburn edged Kentucky 61-60 on Jimmy Fible's two foul shots, just about knocking the Wildcats out of the SEC race.

The Southern Conference championship tournament was about to start in Richmond and, for the first time in six years, West Virginia wasn't seeded No. 1. That honor belonged to rising Virginia Tech, which hustled past Richmond 85-53, VMI 100-71, Furman 100-87 to break the Mountaineers' six-year grip on first place in the regular-season standings. To add to West Virginia's discomfort, not even another superb performance by Jerry West, who tossed in 40 points despite a broken nose, could help the Mountaineers against George Washington. Jon Feldman, the Colonials' perky little star guard, jump shot over their defenses for

43 points, led his team to a 87-83 victory.

North Carolina began the week pleasantly enough, cooling off streaking North Carolina State 66-62 with the help of some accurate shooting by Doug Moe, and beating Clemson 83-80. But South Carolina refused to follow the script, upset the Tar Heels 83-81, knocked them out of the Atlantic Coast lead. Wake Forest, ready and willing to take over, clinched a certain tie for first place by running over Duke 83-84.

The Ohio Valley was beginning to heat up in more ways than one. In the season's most bizarre turn, Eastern Kentucky forfeited a 38-20 decision and its league lead to Western Kentucky when aroused Coach Paul McBrayer claimed rival Coach Ed



THREATENING FROWN by Texas' Jimmy Brown (right) fails to stop Texas A&M's Don Stanley as players grab for loose ball.

Diddle laid hands on Ralph Richardson after a foul, refused to permit his team to continue. This left Western Kentucky and Tennessee Tech tied for first place. The top three:

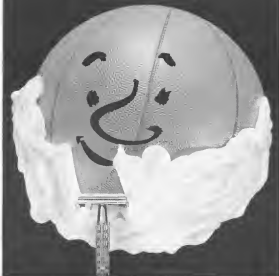
1. GEORGIA TECH (19-4)
2. ARKANSAS (20-0)
3. WEST VIRGINIA (21-4)

THE EAST

One bad weekend and suddenly Dartmouth was fighting for its life in the Ivy League. The Indians' two-game lead disappeared like fudge off a birthday cake when Princeton, with a 32-point boost

continued

Even tough hides need Noxzema Instant Lather



The closer you shave... the more you need Noxzema

Close shaves make your face sore? Get new Noxzema Instant Lather! Shave cool and close—without irritation. Noxzema is a cream lather—extra rich! It's the only instant lather medicated with Noxzema's famous skin-care formula. It soothes and protects your skin while you shave as close as you like.

And Noxzema saves you money. It's concentrated—gives up to 50% more lather per can. Try new Noxzema Instant Lather, today!



Ordinary lathers can't hold up pencil, often let your whiskers droop, too. So your razor snags and pulls.

Creamy extra-rich Noxzema holds up your whiskers as it does this pencil. You shave closer—without irritation.

Noxzema... the only medicated "comfort shave." Also in Brushless and Lather



BASKETBALL continued

from Sophomore Pete Campbell, beat them 76-69 in overtime, then Pease edged them 68-64. To make matters worse, Princeton also cuffed Harvard 71-60, tied Dartmouth for first place.

NYU gave New Yorkers a look at some old-fashioned defense and ended Holy Cross's 11-game winning streak 74-60, then exploded in the second half to beat Boston U. 74-66. St. John's, too much of a match for its city rivals, trimmed CCNY 93-67, St. Francis 86-61. St. Bonaventure overlooked slipping Villanova 72-70 on sub Bill Conners' late lay-up, turned Tom Smith's 42 points into a 74-70 win over Marquette.

St. Joseph's defeated Delaware 99-66, St. Francis (Pa.) 78-69 to share the Mid-Atlantic lead with LaSalle, beaten by Penn 66-62, Temple 77-63. Navy and Seton Hall, their ears cocked for tournament bids, each won twice. The top three:

1. ST. JOHN'S (34-2)
2. NYU (10-0)
3. ST. BONAVENTURE (26-2)

THE MIDWEST

The returns were about in, and Ohio State was on the verge of winning the Big Ten race it has dominated all season. Defending champion Michigan State gave it a rattling good try with a fierce all court press that would have choked most teams. But the Buckeyes maintained their poise, let talented Jerry Lucas fire away for 28 points, and outplayed past the Spartans 84-83 for their 11th victory. Indiana, the only team with a chance to tie Ohio State, was still going through the motions, trounced Michigan 88-69, Iowa 79-64 for its seventh straight.

Kansas Coach Dick Harp, hanged in effigy last month, was having the last lugubrious laugh. His Jayhawks, led by Sophomore Wayne Hightower, squeezed by Oklahoma 54-53, then surprised Colorado 73-67 and suddenly were tied with the Buffs and Kansas State in the Big Eight. Assisting them was last-place Nebraska, which abocked almost everybody by beating Kansas State 70-60.

Cincinnati's Oscar Robertson, who rarely ever enjoys himself in Houston, was held to 14 points by Rich Melchany and Ted Luckenbill, but the Bearcats fed Center Paul Hogue for 23 points and won 57-47. Bradley, sharing the lead with Cincinnati in the Missouri Valley, added to its streak by beating Oklahoma City 82-69, North Texas State 69-59, for its 15th straight.

Ohio U. turned back Toledo 71-67, Bowling Green 85-70 to win its first Mid-America title. Notre Dame beat DePaul 76-58, shored up its tournament hopes. The top three:

1. BRADLEY (26-2)
2. CINCINNATI (20-0)
3. OHIO STATE (16-2)



THERE'S A FIRESTONE TIRE FOR EVERY IMPORT CAR ON THE ROAD

SPEEDWAY-PROVED FOR YOUR TURNPIKE SAFETY!

On a hot desert highway, up a steep mountain grade, through a tight turn in a week-end race or rally—you name it. There's a Firestone tire to handle your kind of driving in your kind of car on American roads. Is it an economy sedan? A fast tourer or plush town car? Then choose the **Firestone De Luxe Champion** for quiet riding, long-lasting and dependable driving anywhere. And if you're a competition enthusiast (or simply like to put your sports car through its paces), there's the **Firestone Super Sports 170-T** with 6-ply nylon cord body and racing tread design. In both, of course, you get the track-proved performance of Firestone Rubber-X*—longest-wearing rubber ever used in Firestone tires—and tough Firestone Safety-Fortified cord. Buy them on convenient terms, if you wish, at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store.

*FIRESTONE RUBBER-X IS COMPOUNDED SPECIFICALLY FOR EACH TYPE OF TIRE

Firestone

BETTER RUBBER FROM START TO FINISH (copyright 1933) The Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.

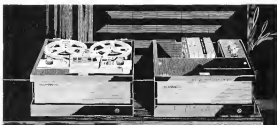


It took 25 years* to create today's LORD CALVERT



* Even with a century of distilling experience, it took our master blenders 25 years to perfect today's Lord Calvert. Tonight, try the world's most distinguished whiskey, Lord Calvert.

85 PROOF, 35% STRAIGHT WHISKIES 6 YEARS OR MORE OLD, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS, CALVERT DIST CO., N.Y.C.



V-M MODEL 720 TAPE RECORDER WITH MATCHING MODEL M6 AUXILIARY SPEAKER

EXCLUSIVE V-M "ADD-A-TRACK"

is the big feature in tape recorders for 1960! You can record on one track, rewind, record on another track while listening to the first track. On playback, you hear both tracks simultaneously! V-M's sensational "tape-o-matic" Model 720 is a four-track stereo-play recorder ideally suited for use at business, industry, education and in the home. Model 166 auxiliary-amplifier speaker completes the stereo system. Model 720—\$225.00, Model 166—\$75.00 (Slightly higher West). V-M Corporation, Benson Harbor, Michigan

the Voice  of Music®

COMING EVENTS

February 26 to March 3
All times E.S.T.

★ Color Television ★ Television ★ Network radio

Friday, February 26

BOXING
★ Madison vs. Hunter, Beatles, 10 rds., Mad. Sq. Garden, New York, 10 p.m. (NBC).

SQUASH
★ U.K. Professional Champs., Detroit (through Feb. 28).

WINTER OLYMPICS
★ Figure skating, speed skating, cross-country, skis, hockey, Squaw Valley, Calif. (CBS-TV, NBC and Mutual radio) *

Saturday, February 27

BASKETBALL (all-time)
★ California at Oregon State, Georgia Tech at Vanderbilt.

★ Kansas State at Oklahoma (Big Eight Regional, Sports Network) *

★ Minnesota at Indiana (Big Ten Regional, Sports Network) *

★ North Carolina at Duke, St. John's vs. Temple, St. Joseph's (Pa.) vs. Villanova at Philadelphia
Tennis at Bradley,
Crash at Clark State,
(post)

★ Detroit at St. Louis
★ New York at Syracuse, 2-15 p.m. (NBC).
Philadelphia at Minneapolis.

GOLF
★ All-Star Golf series, Fingerwald vs. Sealed, 5 p.m. in each time zone (ABC).

HOCKEY
★ Boston at Chicago, 2 p.m. (CBS).
Detroit at Toronto
New York at Montreal

HORSE RACING
★ The Preakness, \$100,000 added, Hirsch Park, Pa. (NBC) *

★ Santa Anita Handicap, \$100,000 added, Santa Anita, Calif.
★ New Orleans Handicap, \$10,000 added, Fair Grounds, La.

TRACK & FIELD
★ New York K at C Meet, Mad. Sq. Garden, New York.

WINTER OLYMPICS
★ Speed skating, cross-country, hockey (CBS-TV, NBC and Mutual radio) *

Sunday, February 28

BASKETBALL (post)
★ Boston at New York
Cincinnati at St. Louis
★ Philadelphia at Detroit, 2-3 p.m. (NBC).

GOLF
★ World Championship Golf series, Nelson vs. Turney, 4-30 p.m. (NBC)

WINTER OLYMPICS
★ Speed skating, closing ceremonies (CBS-TV, NBC and Mutual radio) *

Monday, February 29

BASKETBALL (all-time)
★ Ohio State at Indiana
TCU at Texas A&M,
Tennis at Cleveland,
Wrestle at Bradley.

Tuesday, March 1

HOCKEY
★ Boston at Detroit.

Wednesday, March 2

BOXING
★ Dapex vs. Fernandez, lights, 10 rds., Miami Beach, Fla., 10 p.m. (ABC) *

CRUELTY
★ C.B. Men's Champs., Northbrook, Ill. (through March 3).

SKATING
★ World Figure Skating Champs., Vancouver, B.C. (through March 3)

Thursday, March 3

BASKETBALL (all-time)
★ All-Star Final Conference Championship tournament, Raleigh, N.C. (through March 3)

★ St. John's vs. NYU, Manhattan vs. St. Peter's at Mad. Sq. Garden, New York.
★ Utah State at New Mexico,
Wyoming at Utah

* See local listing

Across the nation for more than a century, New England Life has helped policyholders to enjoy a "better life"



A better life...how to put your family in the picture

When you're buying life insurance, keep in mind that the future is full of question marks. Your life insurance policy should have the necessary provisions for coping with the unpredictable situations ahead. Insist on a policy with benefits that are generous, flexible and numerous enough to do just that.

On this basis, you'll find that the New

England Life contract provides positive advantages. This "Better Life" policy has the finest combination of guaranteed benefits at any price.

45 features that safeguard your future: The New England Life agent nearest you has an unusual exhibit which describes the 45 key features of the "Better Life" con-

tract. He will show you graphically how this contract can help to assure a better life for you and yours.

NEW ENGLAND
Mutual **LIFE** Insurance Company
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

THE COMPANY THAT FOUNDED MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE IN AMERICA • 1825



THE HEROES OF SQUAW VALLEY

by ROY TERRELL

FROM THE FIRST, it was apparent that these Winter Olympics were not going to lack revolutionary fervor. The fabled Russians, doped to win almost half of the 27 gold medals, were winning medals all right, but not all of them were the right color. Girls from Germany and America and Poland kept popping up in places where it was apparent they didn't belong, and the fiercely dedicated little Scandinavian cross-country runners were proving that their particular sporting tradition is still a treasured thing—and the equal, in the production of champions, to any form of mass assault. At the same time, the opposition which was disturbing the Russians in the snow along McKinney Creek was even less polite to the Austrian racers on the slopes of the great mountains surrounding Squaw Valley. What the rest of the skiing world has been seeking for a long time—the end of Austrian domination in the glamorous Alpine events—began to take place. Some of the boys and girls moving fastest down the mountain were still Austrians, true enough, but a lot more were wearing the sweaters

and parkas of Switzerland, Germany, France and the U.S.

The earliest days of the Games produced a horde of heroes. There was Roger Staub, of course, the handsome, laughing Swiss boy who blazed down KT-22 on Sunday to win the men's giant slalom before more than 40,000 spectators in Squaw Valley and everyone in the United States who could get near a television set. There was Heidi Biebl, the 19-year-old German girl who conquered a remarkably strong field and a treacherous turn to win the ladies' downhill race. There was Heiga Haase, another fräulein who failed to read all her opponents' press clippings and stole the 500-meter speed skating event, to the uproarious delight of a by now more-or-less united East and West German team. There was the Canadian duo of Barbara Wagner and Bob Paul, who with their daring grace scored as decisive a triumph as any skating pair had ever achieved in the Olympics before. There was Klas Lestander of Sweden, who popped 20 shots into the targets, a perfect score, to win the strange biathlon event; and Maria Gusakova of Russia, an amazingly attractive girl who slogged

more than six miles through the snow to lead a U.S.S.R. sweep in the first ladies' cross-country event, and then, after hastily applying lipstick, proceeded to charm several hundred members of a curious and unbelieving press.

Perhaps most of all, there was Sixten Jernberg, a wonderful, wiry little Swede with a soulful face appearing like a white ghost from out of the woods bordering McKinney Creek. When Sixten Jernberg, arms pumping like pistons and skis sliding gracefully over the snow, pushed his long nose across the finish line to win the 30-kilometer race and the first gold medal of 1960, the Winter Games were finally, truly, officially open. The athletes had taken over and the show began to be fun.

Jernberg is 31 years old, and for five years now he has been the greatest cross-country skier in the world. He won a gold medal at Cortina and two silver medals, and although he is getting old, as athletes go, he could conceivably win as many here. America is a land of green grass and blooming fields, not of ice and snow, and to Americans cross-country skiing is an idiot's pastime; at McKinney Creek on Friday there were fewer than 1,000 spectators out to watch the 30-kilometer race, compared to the 50,000 who might have gathered in Finland or Sweden or Norway to see the same event. Yet Americans, too, would have to love Sixten Jernberg; because we are a nation capable

continued

FIRST BLOOD FOR THE WHITE GHOST

Charging upward through the soft snow of a hill above Lake Tahoe, Sweden's superbly conditioned Sixten Jernberg became the first gold medal winner of the VIII Winter Olympics. He had a 13-second margin in the 30-kilometer cross-country race at McKinney Creek over his fast-closing countryman Rolf Rampard.

Photograph by Joann Gerdt

of appreciating the courage and determination and skill required of a superb athlete, we can also understand what makes him go—even across 20 or 30 miles of snow.

The cross-country runner is a solitary poet of motion: he wastes nothing, not strength or mind or terrain. Like a ram-jet gulping oxygen to keep the propulsion system going, he soon reaches a peak of efficiency where output balances intake and then he settles down to a steady, mile-consuming stride which never seems to vary. No one does this better than Jernberg.

"If he has a secret," says Sven Wiik, coach of the U.S. team, "it would have been found out by now. Everybody has had a chance to study his skiing. There is no secret. He told our best runner, Mack Miller, 'You just keep it up. There's nothing out there on the track that you get for nothing,' and I think that's it. He has worked for what he gets."

Wiik is small, has a long, drool face and, in his peaked cap, looks a little bit like a woodland elf heading for a hollow tree. He was born in Sweden himself and can appreciate Jernberg's

tremendous devotion to his craft.

"Sixten's tempo is so fast," says Wiik, "that no one else can duplicate it. Where other skiers rest on the glide, he never does; he is already into his next stride. He always sets a faster, harder tempo. Notice that when he starts to use the ski pole, it bends like a bow. And he has the perfect temperament. He may look sad but he is not a pessimist. A cross-country runner is out there a long time, and he has lots of time to think. He can get discouraged, talk himself out of a race. A good skier has to be happy; he shouldn't think about sad things."

Jernberg was full of happy thoughts on Friday. He started out No. 43 in the big field which was being sent away at 30-second intervals, and from the first he began to cut down the runners out ahead. Away from the little stadium, off on the lonely trails with only his fellow competitors and a few near-frozen course police for company, he passed the other runners on the hills, between the trees, down the open slopes, one after the other. It was evident, right away, that he was going to win. A teammate, young Rolf Ramgard, ran very well to finish second, and the best of the Russians, Nikolai Anikin, came on

strong to capture third. America's Miller finished 27th, but this was hardly a disgrace; he was only 12 minutes behind Jernberg, and never before had a U.S. skier, at 30 kilometers, done so well. Still, it was Sixten's race. At the finish, 1 hour 51 minutes 3.9 seconds after he began, the one-time Swedish blacksmith and woodcutter was embraced by his team captain, Siggie Bergmann, and Prince Bertil, head of the Swedish delegation. He was the first champion of the 1960 Games. Others were coughing and collapsing; Sixten didn't seem to be breathing much harder than Prince Bertil.

HAPPY THOUGHTS OF THE 10

"Var glad då" (smile a little), said one of the Swedish retinue, pointing toward the photographers. Sixten smiled, a thin, small smile. Then he skied away, face sad but happy thoughts in his head about the 15-kilometer race and the 50-kilometer race and the 40-kilometer team race that he would ski the next week.

Jernberg skied almost two hours for his medal. Heidi Biebl skied less than two minutes for hers. For one thing, she was going downhill. For another, she had to go fast, because

BOOMING BACKHAND by Austrian Skier Karl Schranz helps win ping-pong match for Schranz and Teammate Hans Leitner.



FRIENDLY CHAT with pretty girl in Olympic Village was morale-builder for U.S. ski jumping hopeful Gene Kotlarek of Minnesota.



BREAKAWAY STEP is part of jitterbug routine for happy Olympic competitors, who danced till the party broke up at midnight.

Penny Pitou and Traudl Hecher were right on her tail.

The German girl's victory in the ladies' downhill race was considered a major upset by those who follow Alpine skiing only half-heartedly, but in reality it was nothing of the kind. Pitou of the U.S. and Hecher of Austria were the favorites, but only by a fraction; in an event frequently decided by split seconds half a dozen other girls were given an excellent chance to win. And Biebl ranked high among these. A year ago this sturdy-legged, strong-featured youngster from the Bavarian hamlet of Oberstaufen was a fine skier; this year she has been an outstanding one. On Saturday she was the best in the world.

The story of the 1960 ladies' downhill race is the story of a turn, a very wicked 90° corner with two small humps in the center of it, located about four hundred yards up KT-22 less than 15 seconds from the finish line. It is called the airplane corner, and on Saturday it claimed no fewer than 14 victims, including the wonderful little Swiss skier, Annemarie Waser, who at that point was burning up the course, and Betsy Snite of the U.S., who was racing brilliantly, too. In fact the devilish thing almost

wiped out the entire U.S. team. Snite fell there, Linda Meyers fell there, Joan Hannah did, too. If Pitou hadn't already passed by, they might have had a fourth for bridge.

SAD THOUGHTS ON THE DOWNHILL

As it was, the corner probably cost Penny a gold medal. She was No. 1 in the starting gate, not the best psychological position, but that seemed to worry her not a bit. Nor did the top part of the mountain itself, down which Penny came like a runaway bowling ball to lead the entire field in elapsed time at the halfway mark. Then she hit the airplane corner, staggered, slowed, almost fell. "I came as close to falling as you can without going on your face," she said later. "I think only will power kept me up. If this had been anything but the Olympics I know I would have gone down."


The turn, Pitou felt, cost her at least two seconds. Biebl beat her by one. And only 3/10 of another second back was Hecher, the 16-year-old Austrian sensation who had less trouble with the infamous turn than with an ankle slightly injured in a fall down the dormitory stairs the night before.

Betsy Snite lost her right ski, which

whacked the top of her racing helmet so hard that it made a dent and left ski wax shining on the top. She was unable to finish and was brought down the course, not seriously hurt but well shaken up. Meyers got up and finished, slamming her poles into the ground once, twice, three times in fury and delivering a quote from Eva Marie Saint. Hannah, who managed to get through the corner proper but in doing so lost her balance and fell farther down, merely smiled and said, "I hit the dumb gate."

The trouble, as diagnosed later, was twofold. First, as frequently happens on a downhill course, the previous day's hot sun, the cold night and a certain amount of wind had combined to change slightly the conditions of ice and snow at the corner, making the turn trickier and faster than when the girls had practiced over it a day or two before. Then, affected by the sheer stress and pressure of Olympic competition most of the racers went into the turn a little too soon. Instead of turning higher, to ski a straighter line through this one most dangerous spot, most of them tried to shave the control gate. As a result, they were skidding in the

continued



INFORMAL SING evoked multilingual sound from crowd. Athletes, gathered from 30 nations, ignored words, sometimes ignored tune, got along famously.



FIRST MEETING in 12 years reunited Czech hockey player Frantisek Tikal (right) and defected brother Zdenek, now playing left wing for Australian team.



LIVELIEST ROMANCE in Valley brought engagement of Penny Pitou, Austria's Egon Zimmermann.



OLYMPICS *continued*

turn, and when their skis hit the second of those two little humps, down they went.

"I, too, had trouble there," said Biehl, who although an Olympic champion is also a girl and didn't want to be left out. Almost obstinate, she refused for a long time to believe that she had won; she stalked up and down, gray eyes flashing, shaking her short brown hair. But finally the official time went up on the big board, and she was champion. Penny Pitou, first down the mountain, had set a mark for the others to shoot at, and of the 41 who tried, only this little Bavarian girl, who celebrated her 19th birthday the day before the Olympics opened, had been able to go faster.

There was nothing so dramatic about Roger Staub's victory the next day in the men's giant slalom. The course was good and fast, but not very difficult, and hardly anyone fell. Staub simply skied better than anyone else, including the Austrians who finished second (Pept Stiegler), third (Ernst Hinterseer) and seventh (Karl Schranz). The two most surprising things about the race were that Staub won instead of finishing second or third, which is where he usually finishes with cheerful regularity, and that Tom Corcoran of the U.S. came in fourth.

It was the first important international victory for the 23-year-old Swiss racer, who is tall (6 feet 1), dark, handsome, single and apparently one of the happiest men alive, win or lose. He was fourth in the 1956 Olympic downhill at Cortina, finished second in the downhill and third in the giant slalom at the world championships in Bad Gastein two years later and did well enough a year ago to rank behind only Buddy Werner and Karl Schranz in the world downhill ratings. On Sunday, Werner, hobbling around on his broken leg, cheered Staub from the stands. Schranz, who was healthy, simply couldn't catch him. When it was finally clear that he had won, Staub

continued on page 28

PENNY FOR HER THOUGHTS: U.S. Skier Penny Pitou (left) set pace in ladies' downhill, then watched Germany's Heidi Biehl boom down twisting course to take away gold medal by full second. For decisive moment in Heidi's victory, turn page.





HEIDI BIEBL held on through treacherous turn, thought she had skied too slowly to win: "I came almost to a standstill"



PENNY PITOU faltered, nearly fell: "I slid into the thing sideways and lost the whole race right there"



BETSY SNITE crashed. "I sat back too far going into the turn, then I caught the outside edge of my downhill ski . . .



CRISIS AT THE AIRPLANE TURN

THE LADIES' DOWNHILL course, snaking through 20 flag-topped control gates on K.T.-22 mountain, had so many carefully contrived hazards that one skier called it "a forest of flags." As it turned out, there was only one hazard in the forest that really mattered: a treacherous 90° bend called the airplane corner. It was here that the race was won and lost. Heidi Biebl (top) went into the

. . . I was stunned by the fall"

Photographs by Ralph Cross—Lark

turn with her skis flat on the snow and well under control, came out in perfect balance and went on to win the race. America's Perry Pilon started her move too high, teetered on the verge of a spill and lost a vital second. And Betsy Snite, sking fast but in control until the turn, suddenly sat back, stiffened her downhill leg and crashed to the snow, out of breath and out of the race.

CONTINUED



CRAWLING LIKE TERMITES OVER GABLES OF SQUAW VALLEY SPECTATOR CENTER, ADVENTUROUS SKI FANS CLING TO SNOW-COVERED

BASKING IN HIS GIANT SLALOM VICTORY, SWITZERLAND'S ROGER STAUB WAVES TO CROWD



galloped happily around, lighting up Squaw Valley with his big smile, embracing friends, appearing on TV, talking to reporters in French and English and German. Business, it appeared, would be very good the rest of the winter in Roger Staub's sport shop back at Arosa.

Corcoran, in equalling the best Alpine placing ever made in the Olympics by an American, was almost as happy as Staub. In one skilled race down a California mountainside he reached the peak of a competitive career extending back through most of his 28 years, and by finishing ahead of some of the greatest of European racers proved that Americans other than Buddy Werner could compete against them on equal terms. A lot of other Americans, as a matter of fact, were almost as excited as Tom.

"Now please, please, write about how good our boys are," said Linda Meyers who, like some of the other U.S. girls, is frequently embarrassed by the abundance of publicity she has received. "What Tommy did was magnificent."

Explained Corcoran: "I just went like hell."

Nobody went like hell in the men's downhill race on Monday because the Squaw Peak run is not a great downhill course. But the new Allais 60, a shiny black metal French ski, ran faster than anything else, and an articulate, personable hotel manager from Morzine, Jean Vuarnet, rode a pair of them to the first gold medal of 1960 for France.

Vuarnet is 27, married, the author of three books on skiing, and a man equipped with a great deal of Gallic charm. He has long had a reputation as a racer who could get up for the big ones, not a great skier but a dangerous man in any big race. At Squaw Valley he skimmed down the two-mile course in 2:06, a half second ahead of Germany's second-place Hans-Peter Lanig. Third was another Frenchman, Guy Perillat. Sunday's gay winner, Roger Staub, finished fifth.

Vuarnet, who had spent the night

before reading a mystery novel, had very little trouble with the course. "The wind was in my face up top," he said, "and I may not have been so fast. At the bottom I came very fast."

How did he feel, he was asked.

"I feel as anyone feels who has just won an Olympic gold medal," said Vuarnet. "You feel sad, you feel happy." Actually Vuarnet was only slightly more of a hero than the new metal skis. From the first, it was fairly certain that the men's downhill at Squaw Valley would be what skiers call a wax race. The course barely met minimum requirements of height and distance, and the heavy snow which had caused postponements of the race slowed it even more. Willy Schaeffler, Director of Ski Events, had done a marvelous job of toughening it up and putting in a number of wicked bumps, including an especially hairy pair just above the Waterfall, the course's roughest natural obstacle. The course had been relatively fast, icy and hard, but the heavy snow ruined all that.

"It is all right," said Othmar Schneider, coach of the Austrian team. "I don't think anyone will steal this race. It is going to take a good skier to win. But it is not a truly good course."

Apparently it was built for the French skis, which are something relatively new in downhill racing, and which—in the same month that France produced her first atomic explosion—were to prove the big secret weapon of the 1960 Olympics. Only a few of them were made. "They cost \$104 in France," said Vuarnet, but according to members of the U.S. team, who tried to buy some while in Europe last month, you couldn't pick up a pair for \$1,004. It was on this ski that Adrien Duillard won both the Hahnenkamm and Mégeve downhill races in January, and it was also on this ski that Adrien Duillard was leading the Olympic downhill on Monday by an estimated two seconds until he fell, hard.

Oh yes. The Germans were sure they had picked the right wax, and it is true that they did rather well. The Swiss thought they had the answer, too, and came close. The Austrians guessed wrong all the way around. What wax did the French use? Voila! None at all. They just put Jean Vuarnet on the Allais 60s and pointed him down the mountain.

END



ROOF TO WATCH THE 90-METER JUMP



4 FRENCH GUY was scored in downhill by Jean Vuarnet, who brought new (BRONX HANDBATTERED, Nov. 23) plastic, metal and laminated wood ski called Allais 60 into Olympics for first time and won. Another Frenchman, on same ski, finished third.

'IF YOU CAIN'T WRITE THIS



YOU JUST CAIN'T WRITE'

The Daytona "500" stock-car race was so wild and woolly that even the oldtime drivers were impressed

by ALFRED WRIGHT

WHAT DID ya think of that? Betcha never saw anything like it before in your life, did ya?" The thin, smiling Southerner asked me as we walked through the pit area after the race. I had to admit I hadn't.

"If you can't write a story about that," he went on, still smiling as he savored the enjoyment of the race, "you can't write about nothin'. I never seen so much goin' on in my life. Gosh all golly!"

You might have thought that this handsome, youthful-looking man of 45 in the slacks and blue woollen jacket had just watched his first auto race. He hadn't, though. He was Lee Petty, last year's National Association of Stock Car Auto Racing's driving champion, and only a few minutes earlier he had finished fourth in the Daytona 500-mile race for stock cars. Walking near us was Dick Petty, Lee's 23-year-old son who is his old man all over again whether driving or just standing there talking in his creamy, North Carolina hill-country accent. Dick's light-blue 1960 Plymouth had finished third in the race, just ahead of his father's identical car.

Lee Petty, the father, had plenty of reason to be excited over the drive he had just completed, and his voice was still pitched high with nerves. "Did you see that T-bird come apart over on the other side of the track?" he asked me. "Why I never seen the likes of that before. I had to drive right underneath him while he was still in the air. I even heard part of his car come down on me as I went past. Did you see my car? Did you see where he hit me?"

I went over and looked, and there were a couple of ugly holes in the right tail fin of No. 42, his Plymouth. I hadn't paid much attention to these scars when I first examined the car, for rare indeed is the stock car that comes out of a race without some such souvenir of combat.

Nonetheless, it was gratifying that not only Lee Petty but all the rest of the oldtimers were shaking their heads in disbelief over this race. To a novice observer of stock-car racing, the Daytona "500" had seemed like nothing so much as the early stages of doomsday. Even Bill France, the man who built and operates this

continued



LEE PETTY (ABOVE) TELLS HOW HIS NO. 42 (LEFT) AVOIDED EXPLODING "T-BIRD"



A '59 PONTIAC (63) LEADS A TIGHTLY PACKED FIELD AT 150 MPH INTO BANKED TURN



37-CAR PILEUP IN DAYTONA JALOPY RACE WAS ONE OF THE WORST IN RACING ANNALS

CAR DRIVEN BY GEORGE GREEN, WHO GOT OUT SAFELY, BURNS IN INFIELD AFTER SKID



DAYTONA "500" continued

fastest of all the world's race tracks, was saying. "I've never seen anything like it, and I've been in racing 25 years and more."

To go back to the beginning, this was only the second running of the Daytona "500," although as the first of the major races on the NASCAR calendar it already ranks as one of the most important meets throughout the year. So the best cars and the best drivers in stock-car racing showed up among the 68 starters. Fireball Roberts, the home-town favorite from Daytona Beach, was in the No. 3 pole position in a 1960 Pontiac. He had qualified at 151.556 mph, the fastest lap ever turned in stock-car competition and 5 mph faster than last year's best qualifying time at Indianapolis. The Pettys had brought their new Plymouths down from Randleman, N.C., where they had prepared them themselves. Curtis Turner and Joe Weatherly, who are to this sport what Ruth and Gehrig once were to baseball, lined up in 1960 Fords. From as far away as Canada and California, bearing names like Banjo and Runt and Puppy and Speedy, had come all the other stock-car headliners.

A HUGE POPULAR SPORT

Forty-five thousand people, many of whom had paid up to \$20 a seat and driven hundreds of miles to be there, crowded the Daytona grandstands and infield. For make no mistake about it, stock-car racing is the sport of sports in the southeastern part of the U.S. A fellow who once operated a professional baseball team in that area was making this point recently when he said, "You ought to play a Sunday game sometime when the stock cars are running in the neighborhood. They'll murder you."

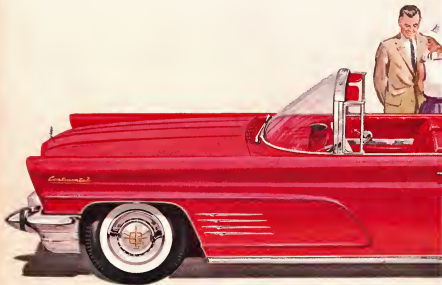
Just why this should be was not immediately apparent to this particular pair of eyes and ears as the Daytona "500" got under way. Though most of the cars were the very latest Pontiacs, Chevrolets, Plymouths and Fords, their designers' handsome lines were almost completely obscured by the welter of signs the cars carried on their sides, advertising the garages and restaurants and hotels and tire dealers and other sponsors who were helping to foot the rather hefty bill for racing.

The ear-cracking noise the cars

continued on page 57

THE *Lincoln Continental*

NEWEST AND MOST DISTINGUISHED VERSION
OF AMERICA'S FINEST MOTORCAR



Here is an unusually distinctive touch found in all models of the Lincoln Continental. This exclusive glass rear window raises or lowers at the flick of a switch to provide uniquely refreshing ventilation which is virtually draft-free.



Another example of the incomparable luxury of the Mark V Convertible: a single control quickly folds the entire top assembly under a motor-driven rear deck panel, leaving a smooth, unbroken line.



You receive an immediate impression of great worth when you inspect the Lincoln Continental. For this automobile rivals any in the world for its luxuriousness and craftsmanship. The kind of craftsmanship that calls for over 8,000 factory inspec-

tions before a Lincoln Continental is released for delivery; that calls for hand-cut leather and specially loomed fabrics in its spacious interiors; that calls for timeless beauty of design, and a whisper-quiet ride. Ownership of this car is a supremely satisfying experience.

Lincoln Continental for 1960

LINCOLN CONTINENTAL DIVISION • FORD MOTOR COMPANY



Photographed for Arrow at New York International Airport

Wherever you go...you look better in an Arrow shirt

You have more fun wherever you go when you're relaxed and informal. Arrow shirts with button-down collars are designed to put you in just such a happy mood. Shown is the Arrow *Gordon Dever*, with authentic University look. Sanforized oxford fabric, 5.00. Arrow all-silk tie, 2.50.

Nobody has a larger selection of button-down collars than your Arrow retailer. He has long... short... medium-point collar styles. He has oxfords, broadcloths and *Decton* — the famous Arrow Dacron® and cotton Wash and Wear shirt. See your nearest Arrow retailer today.

*Du Pont's T M, for its polyester fiber



—ARROW—

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Spectacle of Magic

ONE of Walt Disney's pigeons, doing its best to make like a dove of peace at the opening of the 1960 Winter Olympics, flew slam-bang into a scoreboard. A snowstorm delayed the arrival of Vice-President Nixon—and thus, by 15 minutes, the opening of the Games themselves. For dreary moments the TV cameras seemed content to concentrate on a procession of camera-worm Hollywood faces that looked sillier than ever in the snow.

But Disney's confused pigeon straightened out at last and winged off into the wild blue, ceremonies and prologues made way for Olympic winter sport and the TV camera at last found its proper subject. Like the Disney pigeon once it found its wings, it soared triumphantly over Squaw and bore a whole nation of sports fans into new heights of excitement.

Few if any spectacles of televised sport have equaled, and certainly none has surpassed, the thrill of the women's downhill ski race as caught by CBS. Cameras artfully placed at strategic points along the mile-and-an-eighth course made it possible for a whole nation of viewers to follow with terrifying intimacy the hurtling progress of one tense racer after another. One could feel in his own nerves the tautness of brave little Penny Pitou as, arms tucked up and skimming downhill at 60 mph, she seemed to dedicate every fiber in her body to the production of speed and more speed. There must have been a single audible gasp from Maine to San Diego as Betsy Snite came a cropper on the vicious turn known as Airplane Curve, Squaw Valley's own Becher's Brook.

A word of specific praise is in order here for TV's recently slandered Orthon tube. The snow, every last fly-

ing flake of it, that was brought to the nation's TV screens was certainly real, and it *looked* real—just as real as the real people and the real excitement. The quality of the show that the nation's homebound sports fans were discovering in wonder and joy for themselves on TV was even more apparent in the Valley itself. After all the gloomy predictions, after all the little squabbles and fusses, the

1960 Winter Olympics had created its own marvelous spectacle of daring, beauty and magic.

And Still Champion

DON BRAGG, 24, is a private first class in the U.S. Army, and when he returns to civilian life one of these days he may go into the real estate

continued



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

business. Last week his legs were hurting: Bragg weighs 198 pounds, and the effort of lifting himself over 15-foot vaults for the last several years has given him a bad case of varicose veins—not to mention a sore tendon in his left, or takeoff, leg from a recent track meet in Boston.

But Don Bragg last week was also the defending pole-vault champion in the National AAU meet in Madison Square Garden. Half a dozen other good men were after his title. Aching tendon and all, Bragg decided to defend. By agreement with the officials, he took his first vault only when the pole had been raised to 15 feet one inch. The first two times, he fouled the bar, cleared it on the third. Then the bar was raised to 15 feet five inches. Bragg took a firm grip on his pole, sighted down the long runway, charged, went up, up and over, all 198 pounds of him. From the pit below, Bragg looked up at the bar over his head, level and stationary. Nobody else could get that high last week. Still champion, Don Bragg slipped into his street clothes and went off to get some sleep and some rest for his aching legs.

It Just Takes Five

HIGH in the mountains of Central Montana and remote in the midst of a lodgepole pine forest sits the village of Neihart. Once Neihart was busy and bustling; then the gold and the silver mines petered out. Now its people number less than 300, and the total enrollment of its skinned-log high school is two girls and five boys. But Neihart High has a basketball team.

Schoolteacher Jack Koettler, a new man last September, had major misgivings when he was also asked to coach the team. "What team do you mean?" he had to ask. "Us," said the high school's five boys, and they drew themselves up tall, which was not very. Two freshmen were 5 feet 2 inches, a senior was 5 feet 7, a junior was 5 feet 8, and, looming over all, a sophomore was 5 feet 10. "Let's," sighed Jack Koettler, "get started."

The Neihart team calls itself the Wildcats, which is fully acceptable, for that is the way they play. They played so wildly so often, in fact, that referees were frequently obliged to banish a Wildcat from the floor for excessive fouls. Since Neihart had no substitutes, that left four. Sometimes another would follow, and sometimes a third. Opposing coaches did what they could to square things by sidelining an equal number of their own boys. Occasionally this helped matters, but generally it did not; Neihart had a way of losing. Yet even when the outcome was gloomiest, the Neihart cheerleaders (one from the high school, one borrowed from the 12-pup junior high) would brighten the log gymnasium with "Two bits, four hits, six hits, a dollar/All for Neihart stand up and holler!"

Last week the Wildcats lost their first two games in a tournament at nearby Stanford to finish the season with three victories and 13 defeats. Still, they had gained a measure of glory. The team that won the tournament was Stanford itself, and earlier in the season Neihart had polished them off 28-33. Next year? Coach Koettler is losing one man by gradua-

tion, but the Neihart Wildcats will have a team to reckon with. Two fellows are moving up from junior high.

Second Thoughts in Chicago

WITH short-range eye or long-range eye, every city in the U.S. nowadays must regard this question: How do we make the best use of the city's play and sports space? Chicago's park officials took a long-range view a year ago as hosts of the 1959 Pan American Games. They moved into 110,000-seat Soldier Field with bulldozers, ripped up the asphalt track designed for midget-car racing and replaced it (for \$85,000) with 450 tons of En Tout Cas, an exotic



blend of soil imported from the English Midlands which, by universal acknowledgment, makes the best possible running track. Chicago's responsible men judged that the expensive new track would be more than just a necessary installation for the foot races of the Pan American Games; the En Tout Cas would remain long after the Games, help make Chicago a mecca for U.S. and international track and field events.

Last week Chicago, grappling with municipal budget problems including the upkeep of Soldier Field, was having second thoughts. On their best day the track and field events of the 1959 Pan American Games drew only 15,000 to Soldier Field. The only solid booking for Soldier Field's En Tout Cas track for the 1960s was the Big Ten, which was hoping to run its spring meets there. With budget and other public interests in mind, Chicago felt obliged to consider such things as the annual Police Thrill Show, the annual Firemen's Thrill Show, the Chicago Land Music Festival—and the midget racing cars.

Sadly and truly enough, you can't have fire engines and midget racers on En Tout Cas—they need asphalt. Between now and spring, Chicago is letting the park commissioners will

They Said It

DUFFY DAUGHERTY, Michigan State football coach, after a day at Santa Anita racetrack: "The only place where windows clean people."

CHENA SILSTRAP, Arlington State (Texas) football coach, on difficulties of finding a site between Dallas and Fort Worth for a Continental League baseball park: "Trouble is, you can't find anyone to take enough land out of the soil bank so they can build one."

HARRY TRUMAN at Hialeah: "I've gotten a great deal of pleasure out of horse racing ever since my father began taking me when I was 5. Why didn't I go to the races when I was President? I had no time."

send the bulldozers into Soldier Field again; this time to peel up the best running track in mid-America.

Certainty in New York

IN an office a thousand miles east of Soldier Field, another city official was considering the issues of sport in a growing urban world. He foresaw dramatic changes, and he spoke with his customary sense of certainty.

"I think soccer will be a great sport in America 25 years from now," said New York's Park Commissioner Robert Moses. "Cricket is going to catch on too, and so may bicycle racing, which always draws big crowds in Europe."

The predictions merited attention, coming as they did from a civic planner who for a quarter century had cudgeled, browbeaten, coaxed, intimidated and harassed the world's greatest city into building itself parks and parkways, beaches and bridges, fairs and fairways.

"He never breaks the law, he just gets it rewritten to suit him," a foe once said of Moses' forceful tactics, and it is axiomatic among New York politicians not to let him hear about a vacant piece of land. They know he'll demand it for a park.

The latest Moses park demand is a big one: a 55,000-seat, \$15 million municipal stadium on Flushing Meadow, site of the 1939 World's Fair. The chief prospective lessee would be the Continental Baseball League.

Last week, the thin fuzz on his balding head standing straight up, as if scared by the thoughts below, Bob Moses was defending the concept and design of Flushing Meadow Stadium, and saying things that city planners from Back Bay to the Golden Gate might find applicable for their situations.

"Nobody but the government can really afford to build a stadium these days," he said, "and the government must be sure of getting maximum use out of its land and facility."

"That's why 100,000-seat white elephants are things of the past. Their economic use is limited to a couple of days a year."

"It would even be criminal in most



Horsing Around

He took the jumps,
But we never knew
Just where it was
That he took them to.
—RICHARD ARMOUR

cities to build a stadium exclusively for baseball. Seventy-some days a year isn't enough use, either, for public park land."

Flushing Meadow, as revealed in an architect's sketch, meets the Moses specifications for a circa-1960 stadium: it offers a suitable site for football ("the professionals have a fast-growing, first-class game"), for baseball ("though it may have reached its attendance peaks everywhere but on the West Coast") and for that exciting potpourri of other sports which may draw smaller crowds but which have a large potential in the future as seen by Moses.

Like any such project, Flushing Meadow has its detractors, and Bob Moses whacked away at them in his crusty fashion. Of the idea of a 100,000-seat arena he said: "Damn foolishness." Of a Yankee plan to sell Yankee Stadium to the city and then share it on a rental basis with the Continental League he said: "Preposterous—manifestly absurd." Of the notion that the Continental League's Bill Shea might lease Flushing Meadow and then sort of relax—without doing his damndest to schedule soccer, cricket, et cetera there when baseball isn't: "He won't try that while I'm around."

The New York Yankees drew Moses' final words of the day. They have suggested that if New York doesn't want to buy Yankee Stadium, the least it can do is sell the Yankees an adjoining public park for use as a parking lot.

"A crazy scheme," said Robert

Moses, keeper of the people's parks. "George Weiss seems to think of the Yankees as an arm of the city government. They'll never get that park while I'm here."

Bat with a Message

OPPOSITION to the North Carolina State basketball team would do well to note a decision handed down in New York's First District Court last week. The decision upheld the right of New York's peppery Parks Commissioner Robert Moses (*see above*) to keep airplanes from dragging advertising through the skies over Long Island's Jones Beach.

So what has that got to do with North Carolina State? Possibly nothing, except that at a tense moment in a recent Wolfpack game a small flying object swooped out of the NCS cheering section, circled Raleigh's huge 12,400-seat Coliseum twice and disappeared, leaving fans with the startled—and accurate—impression that it was a live bat towing a foot-long sign reading: BEAT DUKE.

1,000 Miles for a Reason

THE most publicized long-distance walker in Britain during the current distance-walking craze has been Dr. Barbara Moore, the 56-year-old dietician who lately walked the 1,000 miles or so from John o'Groat's in Scotland to Land's End in Cornwall on a diet of fruit juice and grated



carrots, and who commends this sort of fare to all humanity.

The other day, with a gleam in her eye, an 18-year-old named Wendy Lewis reached Land's End after finishing the same 1,000-mile walk, and announced that she had done it on conventional English fare. Said Wendy: "Thought it was time somebody did something for steak and onions." **END**

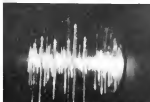


RACE DRIVER CHAMBERLAIN CALMLY CIRCLES RAIN-SWEPT TRACK AT 160 MPH, BUT THAT WAS BEFORE HE TOOK A PASSENGER ALONG

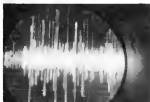
SCIENTIFIC ADVICE: 'SHUT UP!'



'SCOPE IS STEADY WHEN DRIVER IS ALONE



IT WAVES AT "THAT BAD TURN AGAIN"



AND IT ERUPTS AT "MUD AT 7,000 RPM"

ASIDE from paddy-wagon chauffeurs who couldn't care less, almost everybody who has ever taken the wheel of an automobile has suffered under the nervous nagging of the back-seat driver.

It is a pleasure then to report that a race car driver and a group of scientists have produced engineering data justifying a firm "shut up, you're making me nervous" the next time a back-seat driver is bothering you.

The race driver is Jay Chamberlain, 32, a winner at Le Mans in 1957 who has a medical record of 27 collarbone fractures to prove that he is a veteran at his sport.

He seemed a perfect guinea pig to 50 Northrop Corporation scientists anxious to test a telemetering system designed to register the emotional strain on astronauts in flight.

Thus on a rainy Thursday at Riverside Raceway, Calif., Chamberlain was wired up like a telephone switchboard. Electrodes were glued to his head, neck and chest, and even to corn plasters on his feet. They all led to instruments, crammed in the back of his Lotus XV racing car, on which his reactions would be recorded.

Chamberlain's first reaction as he watched the heavy rainfall was not to drive at all. "But when I saw all those men and equipment I didn't have the heart to call it off," he said.

He set out, reaching more than 150 mph as he twisted alone around the knots and turns of the track for an hour, in calm command of the situa-

tion. Then he took a passenger, William B. Harrison, a photographer, and again swept around the track.

Later, when Northrop analyzed its test information, an interesting pattern of tension was observed.

An electromyograph had registered Chamberlain's relative state of nerves on an oscilloscope. When the 'scope showed a generally smooth horizontal line, Chamberlain was calm, and that's what it showed (top left) while the driver circled the track at top speeds by himself.

But as soon as passenger Harrison got in, Chamberlain became more tense, the oscilloscope lines more jagged. Turns which Chamberlain had earlier taken calmly were now high-tension points. Midway in the run Harrison yelled into a recording microphone, "I can't see a thing!" and Chamberlain's tension line looked like saw teeth on the oscilloscope. Seconds later the passenger shouted, "Here comes that bad turn again!" The 'scope (center left) looked like the New York skyline at night.

Finally Harrison called, "Through the mud at 7,000 rpm!" and Chamberlain's anxiety (lower left) could hardly be contained on the oscilloscope. Chamberlain stepped out of his car after the last lap half shaking. "This was damn dangerous," he said.

The danger, the engineers saw, was more at Chamberlain's elbow than on the roadway. To which the driver of the family sedan on Sunday is entitled to say: "You're telling me?" **END**



THE BEAUTIFUL NEW MERCURY MONTCLAIR 4 DOOR SEDAN

You are now looking at the biggest reason Mercury is so popular *(now read the others)*

As this picture shows, Mercury's new beauty is clearly the first reason why sales are up nearly 50%. And that's the biggest increase in Mercury's field. But the next most important reason is Mercury's new low 1960 prices on every model. For example, a Monterey 4-door sedan costs only \$36 more than the top models of low-price name cars.*

And consider how much more car this small difference buys.

Mercury is a steadier riding car—with far more road-hugging weight and a 7-inch longer wheelbase. It's a smoother riding car—with the advantages of Road-Tuned wheels and 3-phase shock absorbers. And it's a far quieter car—with 23% more insulation, most of it fiberglass, not cheaper felt.

In addition, there's the extra safety of self-adjusting brakes and the extra "see-ability" of a bigger windshield and windows. In short, Mercury is a lot more automobile.

And it's the best-built car in America. To safeguard quality, every single Mercury is road-tested by a certified test driver before it is shipped. Low-price name cars are just spot-checked.

It will pay you to visit Quality Headquarters—your Mercury dealer. Then you can see—and try—all the extra values you get for as little as \$36 more than the top low-price car. Lincoln-Mercury Division, *Ford Motor Company*.

*Based on manufacturers' suggested retail price for specified by Automobile Information Disclosure Act for a 1960 Mercury Monterey 4 door sedan versus comparable 1960 models of popular low-priced name cars. This also includes Federal excise tax, suggested dealer preparation and handling charges.





Squaw Valley 1960

*Minute-to-minute scorekeeping
by IBM RAMAC® 305 lifts spectator
enjoyment to a new high*

Almost before the snow spray had settled at the finish line, spectators at the VIII Winter Games knew a skier's score and relative standing—in sharp contrast to previous Games where scores were sometimes unavailable for hours.

Key to this new high in spectator enjoyment was the IBM RAMAC 305 Data Processing System. Linked via a two-way communications network to Olympic event areas, the RAMAC flashed into action with electronic speed as each athlete completed his performance.

The RAMAC calculated the athlete's score

and relative standing according to the complex scoring rules. It printed current scores and standings as each event progressed. It issued a complete report—frequently within two minutes—after an event ended.

The RAMAC automatically punched a paper tape for transmitting scores to information and press centers. From its 5-million character storage, RAMAC also supplied background data on each competitor in English or French, thus aiding the sports reporters to add color to their stories.



Other RAMACs are performing remarkable feats of speed and accuracy in business applications throughout the world.

Olympic Data Processing Center Near the



center of the Olympic site was history's first Olympic Data Processing Center. Here, the IBM RAMAC 305 digested data received from athletes, established current status of each event and issued complete reports on each event minutes after it ended.

Moscow: At the 1959 United States National Exhibition in Moscow, thousands of Russians had their first chance to receive accurate information about the United States. The RAMAC 305 at the Exhibit held in its magnetic disk storage 4,000 questions and answers

about the United States. RAMAC's calculation of the questions most frequently asked has substantially increased our knowledge of what the Russians most want to know about us.



INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS MACHINES CORPORATION

IBM.



Golfer's Stroganoff

A former Russian princess who is an active sportswoman has devised this special adaptation of a classic Russian dish

MY MOTHER'S MOTHER was a Stroganoff," said Russian-born Mrs. Lester Armour of Lake Bluff, Ill., as she prepared to serve her own delicious version of beef Stroganoff. "I think the dish was either an invention of, or was named for, a cousin, Count Paul Stroganoff."

Outside the window the snow was piled as deep as it might be in Novgorod, where "Aleka" Armour started life as Princess Alexandra Galitzine. I asked her if she had been taught to cook in her native country. "No," she explained. "We escaped to England when I was a child, in 1923. But nearly all White Russians love food and have learned, as refugees, to cook well." She finds the classic beef Stroganoff an easy dish to make. [Thin slices of tenderloin are sautéed with chopped onion and combined with sautéed mushrooms and sour cream. The whole can be heated conveniently in a chafing dish for immediate serving, as shown on the opposite page.]

Aleka Armour was previously married to Prince Rostislav Romanoff, and her son Rusty, a junior at Yale, is the great-grandson of Czar Alexander III. Her present husband, Lester Armour, is board chairman of the Chicago National Bank. Their house in Lake Bluff, recognizable as one of the more grandiose conceptions of that palazzo-minded architect, the late David Adler, has been the scene of many splendid entertainments.

But both Armours are happiest when they can escape to their cottage at Pebble Beach, Calif., where they go very frequently and where they play golf all day, every day. Here Aleka loves to plan meals, to fetch crabs from the local fishing wharf and to shop for chickens and fresh vegetables in country markets. And here she does all the cooking, "in a wonderful kitchen with all the gadgets."

"I have thought of all the short cuts," she told me, "so we can be on the golf course as many hours as possible. For instance, there is a variant of Stroganoff

that I invented. I make it in the morning, up to the point of arranging everything in a casserole, and set it in the icebox. We play golf all day and eat lunch at the Cypress Point Club (there is such a good French chef there). When we come in I simply put the dish in the oven for about an hour and it is ready to eat by the time we have changed our clothes and had drinks. I serve it with rice cooked in chicken broth or with frozen whipped potatoes or buttered noodles—all of them quick to make."

If there is a friend or two staying for supper, she often adds a dish of baked tomatoes and finishes the meal with an easy dessert, such as lemon ice with crème de menthe poured over it at the last minute. But to return to the main course—here is Mrs. Armour's sporting adaptation of a great dish:

EASY BEEF STROGANOFF (a supper for two hungry people)

| | |
|--|-------------------------------|
| $\frac{1}{2}$ pound beef tenderloin | $\frac{1}{2}$ can consommé |
| Flour, butter | $\frac{1}{2}$ pint sour cream |
| Salt, pepper, mustard | 1 onion, diced |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ pound mushrooms, unpeeled, cut in small pieces | |

Cut the beef in strips $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick. Place between layers of wax paper and beat till very thin with a potato masher or some other flat instrument. Toss the pieces of meat in a paper bag with a little flour. Brush off excess flour. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Brown pieces in butter in a hot iron fry pan, then remove from pan and reserve.

Pour the consommé into pan and scrape to collect the "browning" and make a sort of gravy. Add a pinch or two of dry mustard or a teaspoon of prepared mustard. When bubbling, stir, mixing well, into the sour cream placed in a bowl. Pour mixture back into fry pan to heat for a couple of minutes, but do not boil. Turn off heat.

Meanwhile, you have browned the onion in butter in another pan. Add the mushrooms and cook them four minutes, stirring. Add 1 teaspoon salt, which brings the juice out of the mushrooms. In another minute stir in 2 tablespoons of the hot sour-cream gravy and remove from heat.

Now, in a small baking dish, make a layer of meat pieces, cover with a layer of the mushroom-onion mixture and repeat, spooning a little gravy over each layer, till dish is filled. Over the top pour the rest of the sour-cream gravy.

Cook in a medium oven, covered, for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, removing cover for the last few minutes to brown the surface. If dish is made in the morning, kept in icebox during the day and reheated at night, it will take about an hour to cook in the oven.

Photograph by Jerry Cooke

MRS. LESTER ARMOUR serves beef Stroganoff from chafing dish for an informal meal at her house near Chicago. Time-saving version of this dish, for golfing vacations, is made in advance, later heated and served in a casserole.

Squaw is a furry festival

The Winter Games have brought out some of the most elegant skins ever seen anywhere, along with a few costumes that would startle a zoo-keeper

THERE MUST BE an awful lot of fur-bearing animals I never heard of before. Fur is everywhere at the Olympic Games. As displayed by the spectators at Squaw Valley, it ranges from the simple, elegant snow-leopard parka worn by Mrs. Mary Ryan, owner of Canada's Mont Tremblant, to the frankly gaudy raccoon-collared leopardskin greatcoat worn by Brooks Walker of San Francisco. Walker says his wife found the coat at her furrier's, who told her that it was made 30 years ago for an English colonel on duty in Siberia.

Sealskin parkas are almost as common as the popular quilted ones. Mr. and Mrs. Hud Hatch of Auburn Calif. bought theirs in Anchorage two years ago with the Olympics in mind. They are of hair seal, hers with otter around the face, his with wolverine—both furs that do not catch snow, or frost up from breath.

Mr. and Mrs. Melville P. Steil of Seattle are among the most spectacularly furred spectators about. Steil is in the skin game, and he and his wife are decked out in Russian timber wolf coats and hats. His, a capelike pocheo with fur buttons, can be belted for skiing. They wear wolf mittens and even bands of wolf tail about the tops of their ski boots to keep out the snow. One of the products Steil markets has proved popular in the unheated ice arena. It is a fanny-warmer of wolfskin, which rolls up into a belt around the waist but can be unrolled quickly for stadium or ski-lift sitting.

There has been a skin raid on the lofty south as well as the frozen north. Guanaco, llama and vicuña fur, mostly imported from South America by a New York firm called Pinata Party, is seen everywhere. Kay Starr and

Art Linkletter are wearing alpaca fur ponchos. Matilda Menzies, a cute young San Franciscan, has a great bulky llama fur pullover parka in two shades of brown and white.

Fur hats are a real Olympic fad. There are llama hats of every shape and size, from the Russian Cossack hat to a horned Viking helmet. I saw one youngster wearing a silver fox hat made from his mother's old scarf. San Francisco's Clarence Slade has a genuine sable toque to go with his raccoon coat.

On warmer days the quilted parka, whether quilted in squares, diamonds, cable patterns or cartridge stripes is the almost unanimous favorite. In most cases it matches stretch pants.

OFFBEAT COLORS

The new high fashion colors in both parkas and stretch pants are offbeat greens and browns, worn all of a piece, or in combination and sometimes with reversible parkas. On opening day Justine Cushing was wearing a yellow sweater and stretchies; later she turned up in an orange quilted parka as brilliant as an air-sea rescue raft. Pale lavenders and deep purples also look like real comers. Maria Bogner, whose husband Willy originated stretch pants, wore plum-colored pants and a sweater its exact match.

Some stunning fashion touches were displayed in the parade of athletes at the opening ceremonies. The Australians marched in forest green toggle coats with golden thong closings, and golden linings in the hoods. The Austrians were as precise and as authoritative on parade as they are on the slopes, in beautifully tailored gray loden coats with knit facing on the lapels, white gloves, brilliant taut

red stretch pants and Tyrolean hats—white for the girls, gray for the men.

After the Austrians came the Bulgarians in white reversed-shearing parkas, tightly fitted with colorful embroidered ribbons outlining the seams. Then the Canadians brought every camera up, in coats made from Hudson's Bay point blankets in brilliant stripes of red, white, green and yellow, topped off by dashing Cossack hats of brown Canadian beaver, emblazoned with the maple leaf. And so on down the alphabet.

The English parade coat was one of the handsomest—of brown Gannex cloth with white pile collar and cuff; with it was worn a white pile-fabric "Macmillan hat." This Cossack, or Astrakhan, style is the favorite Squaw Valley headpiece, worn by several teams and many spectators.

Because of their lemon-yellow quilted parkas, yellow, white and blue knit scarves—the colors of the Swedish flag—white caps and blue pants, you can spot the Swedes quicker than any team members in the valley. Switzerland's girls looked as cuddly as Teddy bears in white fleece coats with pink-lined hoods. After all this color, the Russian gray trench coat, gray fedora and gray slacks, relieved only by a red knit scarf, looked more fit for a gathering of commissars than a Winter Olympics.

The American team, which brought up the rear of the parade, was not much better. Our parade coat is of a gray-green insulated poplin with toggle closings, and it has a hood which zips down the middle to allow it to fall flat across the shoulders. This is striped in broad bands of red, white and blue Orion pile. The caps are navy poplin with visors and white knit cuffs which turn up to cover the ears. The stretch pants are royal blue, and both girls and boys have blue, fleecelined parade boots. Unfortunately, many of the uniforms did not fit very well—and they looked it. **END**



SEALSKIN PARKA with a fake polar bear hat is worn by Chicago's Tony Ryerson.



TANGIER "BURNHOOSE" made of unwashed wool is worn as coat by Walter McQuesten.



ALPACA TUNIC is worn by Actress Elaine Stewart, and even her pug has a sweater.



LAPLAND GOSTUME adorns Albert Martilla, a Finn who now lives in Berkeley.



WOLF SUITS provide warm and exotic coverings for Mr. and Mrs. Melville Stiel of Seattle.



PULLOVER PONCHO lined with alpaca fur calls attention to Singer Kay Starr.



A SABLE HAT is combined with a raccoon coat by Clarence Stale of San Francisco.



LEOPARD GREATGOAT on San Francisco's Brooks Walker was made for use in Siberia.

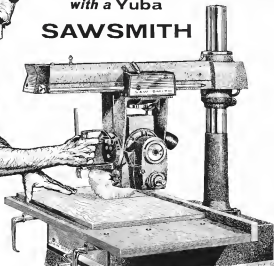


SNOW-LEOPARD coat on Mary Ryan of Mont Tremblant was most elegant fur.

Reduce your tensions to sawdust

with a Yuba

SAWSMITH



Take this "short-cut" to relaxation . . . escape from the pressures of today's frenzied world by discovering creative woodworking with SAWSMITH.

See SAWSMITH in action. This amazing power tool is the most modern, most versatile radial arm saw. Flips from one operation to the next with a twist of the wrist . . . gives unequalled accuracy and

safety in unique power sawing with 7 selective speeds. In addition, SAWSMITH performs 14 basic wood and metal working operations. Does *hundreds* of jobs, saves money on home repairs, furniture crafting!

Relax with a SAWSMITH. See it at your dealer or Montgomery Ward. For literature, write: Dept. RS4-229.



**The All New, Truly New RADIAL ARM SAW
With The BIG 5 Exclusive Features**



Dual-Foot One-Hand Control
Loosen . . . locate . . . lock instantly, easily . . . with one hand!



Van-Speed Selective Drive
7 speeds, the correct RPM for any possible operation!



One-Piece Sliding Table
Adjusts for any cut, locks positively . . . instantly! Ends fence lumbering.



Switch-Over Blade
Unique either-end arbor; full table capacity for all miter cuts



Hidden Coil Cord
Automatically retracts and expands . . . out of the way for safety and convenience.

ONLY \$239.00
Ready to Operate
STAND \$16.95

YUBA POWER PRODUCTS, INC.

800 EVANS ST., CINCINNATI 4, OHIO

A Subsidiary of
YUBA CONSOLIDATED INDUSTRIES, INC.

Manufacturer of world-famous SHOPSMITH Mark 5 and CHISELMASTER Garden Tillers.

YUBA



FROM RICHES TO RAGS

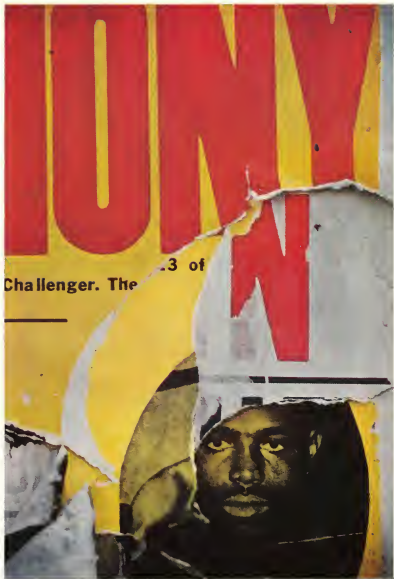
Photographed by Farrell Grehan

THIS TATTERED POSTER from which Carmen Basilio, once the welterweight and middleweight champion of the world, regards passers-by with his sour gaze, is on the wall of an empty tenement on New York's West Side. There a stratification of ruined fight posters provides, like an archaeological digging, evidence of old battles and past glories, of the evanescence of fame and the work of time and weather.

CONTINUED



Middleweight Wilf Greaves makes the wise, cocky face he would like to show in the ring



Louisville Fighter Rudell Stitch looks soulfully out of a dark, ragged corner of history



Obliterated by Cisco Andrade and the wayward eye of Gaspar Ortega, Tony Anthony glowers

LES SPORTS D'HIVER DE L'AUTOMOBILE OR HOW TO BE OFFICIAL CAR (O) OF THE WINTER OLYMPICS

la traction assuré: Through snow & slush & sleet, these Olympics-appointed couriers wend their way undaunted. Never a need for old-fashioned chains; modern, rear-engine design assures proper balance, incredible traction & action.

* * * * *

LES LOOKS: DESIGNED-IN-PARIS. TRIM. UNCLUTTERED. CLASSIC. BRAWNY YET SMART.

L'AGILITE': quick response and easy maneuverability. Terrific infighter on city streets; great for expressway slaloming.

LES ÉCONOMIES: UP TO 40 MPG. (GET TO FAIRLY FARAWAY PLACES FOR PENNIES.) LOW MAINTENANCE & REPAIR BILLS. (IN THE U.S. & CANADA OVER 1000 DEALERS WITH FACTORY-TRAINED MECHANICS.)

Les Extras: Big 7 cu. ft. easily-reached trunk; extra-warm heater; city horn and country horn.

Le Prix: Only \$1645*..

ski in today to your nearest dealer and see how much you get for so little. *Vive le sport!*

Le Car Hot: RENAULT Dauphine



RECOMMENDED RETAIL PRICE. *TAX, LICENSE, TITLE & LOCAL SALES CHARGES. SEE YOUR NEAREST DEALER FOR FULL DISCLOSURE ON THE WINTER OLYMPICS MESSAGE DELIVERED FOR CONSUMER PROTECTION. SEE RETAIL DEALER OR WRITER RENAULT, BOX 106, S-11 37th St., N.Y.C.

The \$3,300,000 smile

Walter O'Malley can afford it. Last year, his jolly Dodger crew made more money than any other team in baseball history

THE YEAR was 1950. Walter O'Malley, the cool businessman-lawyer who had just taken over as director of the Brooklyn Dodgers baseball team, cast an appraising eye on his club's prospects. He decided they were not good. To be sure, in the next few years the Dodgers were to show the largest pretax and net-profit take in the business. Before a House subcommittee in 1957 O'Malley admitted that the Dodgers from 1952 to 1956 had made \$1,860,744 after taxes.

But O'Malley knew the symptoms of business decline. His team was operating in a saturated TV market, in an outmoded place of business and under conditions which O'Malley—but few others—foresaw would deteriorate in the coming years. With a prescience given only to those destined for success, O'Malley moved the Dodgers to Los Angeles.

The results of his migration are now in. And they show that O'Malley has made more money in a single season than any other franchise holder in the history of baseball. The Los Angeles Dodgers can show a return on investment that even the most glamorous space-age stock might well envy. Moreover, there is no end in sight to his avenue of dividends.

O'Malley, of course, is not going to tell anybody how much money he has made out of his master move west. The economies of baseball traditionally have been a clandestine rite, interrupted only occasionally by the sudden sobbing of a burned board of directors. Often, such a performance is just a front-office version of the hidden-ball trick calculated to hoodwink the team's leading hitters into signing a contract somewhat be-

low their net worth. But even the banjo hitters are warming up for a crack at O'Malley's bank roll after his 1959 season.

Let's make a very conservative estimate of the Dodgers' 1959 take. To begin with, a total of 2,071,045 paid their way into the Los Angeles Coliseum to watch the Dodgers in regular-season play. Their average ticket cost about \$2.40, or a total of approximately \$5 million. Concession profits gave the club an additional \$384,016, and baseball novelties like hats, bats and pennants \$15,000.

LOVELY RENT-FREE SERIES

The Dodgers paid no rent to the Coliseum for the World Series, O'Malley having convinced the Coliseum that the Series is historically a benefit for the players and the Commissioner of Baseball but not for the clubs. This is true except when the crowd level reaches 90,000 a day, as it did in the Coliseum. When that happens everybody makes money. The Dodgers made \$335,140.16.

On the road last year Los Angeles reaped \$356,004 from 1,294,889 admissions. Radio broadcasting rights brought in another \$885,000, or about what the Dodgers received in Brooklyn for both radio and TV. (Nielsen, the rating people, report that the third Series game had the largest audience—24.3 million homes—ever to view a single broadcast, so O'Malley has a good argument for higher broadcasting fees in 1960.)

Thus, conservatively, O'Malley's income from all baseball sources last year was some \$7 million. In their last pennant-winning year in Brooklyn, the Dodgers took in \$3,880,824.

Expenses in 1959 for the Dodgers balance out about as follows: player payroll \$465,000, second highest in the league; Coliseum rental \$281,282; field maintenance and crew \$395,000; front-office personnel \$350,000; bonuses to new rookies (an investment in the future) \$850,000; loss on minor league operations \$300,000; visiting teams' share of gate \$569,537; indemnification payment to the National League office and the Pacific Coast League \$250,000; air transportation \$110,000.

Dodger expenses for 1959 thus wound up in the area of \$3,600,000. This is nearly a million and a half more than the expenses in Brooklyn in 1956, the last World Series year, when they were \$2,216,175. However, Walter O'Malley and his jolly crew still had a net income before taxes of at least \$3,300,000.

But the Dodgers' and O'Malley's windfall has not gone unnoticed in Los Angeles nor has it been universally cheered. One of the first results of the big year was that the Coliseum commission was wearing its old face when the wily Walter came forward to seek an "equitable" deal for the use of the Coliseum in 1960. The commissioners reminded O'Malley that he had signed his two-year lease with the clear understanding that should a third year be necessary he would have to sign on at the standard pre-Dodger-era rate. The Coliseum in 1960 will get 10% of the gross and all income from the concessions.

By last year's figures, this would come to \$800,000, or an increase of \$500,000. To O'Malley's credit, he put up only token resistance and quickly capitulated—even though, at 70-plus games a year, the Dodgers brought in seven times as much business at the Coliseum as football teams did.

It appears likely that the Dodgers



SMILING O'MALLEY TOOK DODGERS WEST DESPITE PROFITABLE YEARS IN BROOKLYN

will have the biggest National League player payroll in 1960. Gil Hodges and Duke Snider will again head the list with approximately \$39,000 each. Wally Moon rises from \$20,000 to \$30,000. Don Drysdale goes up from \$17,000 to \$27,000. Charlie Neal will get \$24,000, up from \$19,000. Carl Furillo \$25,000, Clem Labine \$23,000, Jim Gilliam \$22,000, and Roger Craig, \$17,000, a raise doubling last year's \$8,500. Catcher John Roseboro goes from \$10,000 to \$16,000. Larry Sherry gets a deserved 100% raise to \$14,000, and Sandy Koufax' strikeouts merit his jump from \$14,000 to \$17,000. Bonus boys Frank Howard and Ron Fairly, who have already banked nearly \$200,000 between them just to sign, will get standard \$8,000 contracts but with provisions for premiums.

Off the field, the line is forming at the O'Malley pay window, too. Fanned at the high cost of living in the Coliseum, O'Malley is more anxious than ever to complete his new stadium in Chavez Ravine. He has had to buy up

at exorbitant prices 12 parcels of real estate to complete his acreage. One home site in the ravine was owned by an embittered son of a onetime British army officer. The son blamed his father's death from a heart attack to wrangles he had had over the land. The site was appraised at \$9,000. His home was sold to the Dodgers at \$150,000. Another parcel appraised at \$15,510 cost the Dodgers \$130,000.

When these costly bases have been safely touched, Walter O'Malley, living in baronial splendor in the pseudo-alpine fastness of Lake Arrowhead, 100 miles east and 5,000 feet up from Los Angeles, will start building his \$8 million ravine stadium, the ownership of which the Dodgers will share with no one.

So just how are things with the Dodgers and O'Malley? Just fine, thank you, or rather, let O'Malley thank himself. He saw the gold in the West and, superlative businessman that he is, cornered a nice solid part of it.

END

THE BRITISH

Byford "98"

WOOL SOCK

Britishers wear 'em all year 'round

Same size, same shape, after washing. Ankle \$1.50. Garter length \$1.75. At 600 stores everywhere.

THE 1ST
MARKET TO BUY

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

Its 900,000 reader-families are pacesetters who buy first. So more and more advertisers make it their first buy.

BASS FISHERMEN WILL SAY I'M CRAZY -until they try my method!

JUST ONE TRIAL WILL PROVE THAT I MAKE EVERY FISHERMAN'S DREAM COME TRUE!

I'm a business man. I make a good living out of my profession. But fishing is my hobby. And because of this hobby, I discovered a way to get those giant bass—even in shallow water! Fishermen say you're "fished out."

I don't spin, troll, cast or use any other method you ever heard of. Yet, without live or prepared bait, I can come home with a string of 3 and 4 pound basses while a man twenty feet away won't even get a strike. You can learn my method in a few minutes. It is legal in every state. All the equipment you need costs less than a dollar and you can get it in any local store.

The chances are no man who fishes your waters has ever used my method—or even heard of it. When you have tried it—just once—you'll realize what terrific bass fishing you've been missing.

Let me tell you how you can try this method for six months without making a single penny of your money. I guarantee that the first 2 rods you will make you want to buy the details of my method—on a money back agreement—and get you started toward the greatest bass fishing you have ever known. Send me your name today—before or postpaid. You've got a real fishing life ahead of you.

Eric M. Fox, Highland Park 27, Illinois



SWIMMING / Kenneth Rudeen

Indiana

Hurrying toward national fame, the Hoosier swimmers beat mighty Michigan in a fine meet

AT ONE END of the University of Michigan pool a deep-chested young man wearing the red trunks of Indiana University churned to the finish of the afternoon's last race. At the other end, a flock of deep-chested young men whooped and hurrahd and shoved Indiana Coach James E. Counsilman into the pool. Surfacing, Counsilman looked with vast satisfaction at the scoreboard, which read: Indiana 58, Michigan 47.

"This," he said a few minutes later, "makes us big time."

It did indeed. In the year's best dual meet—perhaps the finest in American collegiate history—upstart Indiana decisively whipped the team that more than any other has dominated collegiate swimming.

Before Counsilman barged into the picture at Bloomington two seasons ago, Hoosier swimmers were among the humblest of American athletes. But Counsilman, a champion breast-stroke competitor himself at Ohio State and one of those rare coaching birds, a Ph.D. (in physical education), enunciated a stern philosophy of training: "To build condition you have to hurt yourself—make your lungs burn and everything else."

Two miles of swimming a day in practice and a half-hour workout with weights became routine at Indiana. Counsilman rigged pulley-and-weight devices to perfect strokes and help develop stamina. He taught positive thinking: "If you believe you can do something, you can."

Led by Frank McKinney Jr., the best backstroker in the world and son of the former national chairman of the Democratic Party, Doc Counsilman's young believers were strong enough last spring to finish second behind Michigan in the Big Ten championships and third in the NCAA.

GRINNING MIKE TROY, brightest star in the Hoosiers' victory over Michigan, swam the 200-yard butterfly in record 1:19.1 to defeat arch rival Dave Gillanders.

makes a big splash

With the promotion of a handful of notable sophomores to the varsity this season, Indiana achieved some of the depth it so painfully lacked before. The jewel of the lot was 19-year old Mike Troy of Indianapolis (pictured left), a dark, handsome lad with shoulders as wide as a church door and three world butterfly records (at 110 yards, 220 yards, 200 meters) already to his credit.

Thus reinforced, Counsilman, with considerable optimism, headed toward Ann Arbor. "Only three teams in the country are good enough to give us a rough time," he said. "Michigan, Southern California and—our freshman team."

As time for the meet approached, Counsilman—a compulsive feeder when he becomes nervous—turned his thoughts to thick, juicy steaks. His Michigan rival, Gus Stager, stopped eating altogether.

The night before Stager's team had routed Wisconsin for its 33rd consecutive dual victory, but Stager, outwardly jaunty and capable of flashing an extraordinarily charming grin, was plainly concerned over the 34th. He had, among other assets, the best breaststroke man in the country in Ron Clark, a wonderful butterfly stylist in Dave Gillanders, superior sprinters in Frank Legacki and Carl Woolley and a wealth of divers, but Michigan would have to swim without its formidable captain, Tony Tashnick. Winner of two butterfly events and the individual medley in last year's conference meet, Tashnick was convalescing from mononucleosis.

"Give Indiana everything they're sure of and the benefit of all doubts," Stager said, "and I figure we still need six points to win the meet."

As it turned out Saturday, the day was lost for Michigan before the last relay was swum. With a capacity audience of 2,700 looking on at the Wolverines' magnificent pool, Indiana swiftly moved ahead by blitzing Michigan in the first two events. Indiana's own American record fell in

the first race, the 400-yard medley relay, as McKinney, Gerry Miki, Troy and Pete Simtz whooshed to a clocking of 3:41.2, 7/10 of a second below the old mark. Next Tom Verth and Fred Rounds swept the 220-yard freestyle event, and Indiana led 16-5.

Michigan came right back with victories in the 50-yard sprint (Woolley), and the 200-yard individual medley (Fred Wolf), and with eight sure-fire diving points took a 26-22 lead.

Then came the race of the day. "It looks," said a public address announcer, "as if Mike Troy is trying to prove something."

He was. Troy had been beaten by the man in the next lane, Gillanders, in the Pan American Games, and he was out for revenge and a record. He huffed and puffed through the 200-yard butterfly in 1:59.1. The superb

performance cut 1.7 seconds from Troy's old record for the distance.

That was all the push Indiana needed. The Hoosiers placed 1-2 in both the 200-yard backstroke (an event owned by McKinney) and the 440-yard freestyle. Miki's second place in the 200-yard breaststroke assured the victory.

Tight-lipped with anger over what he obviously considered less than Michigan's best effort, Stager nevertheless was relieved that the tremendous pressure of maintaining an undefeated record had been removed. He was eager to have another go at his Indiana conquerors in the conference meet March 3-5.

Counsilman was looking ahead too, a long way ahead. He was not cracking wise when he said his freshman team could give the varsity all it could handle. One of his fledglings is Alan Somers, winner of the Pan American 1,500 meters. Then there is a big, strong fellow named John Roethlis, who has already been clocked in American record time for the 200-yard individual medley.

"In my opinion," said Counsilman, "he may become the greatest all-round swimmer in history." **END**

INDIANA COACH COUNSILMAN HAPPILY ACCEPTS CONGRATULATIONS FROM TEAM





PATTERN OF A BOOM is seen from old San Juan. The Caribe Hilton (foreground) started it; now luxury hotels like La Concha (center) to make an imposing line along the sands of Santurce.

SRO for serenity

In the uneasy Caribbean one place is enjoying an unprecedented tourist boom: Puerto Rico has almost more than it can handle

ONCE maligned by Congressmen, deplored by economists, bewailed by visiting sociologists, even abandoned by its citizens who have fled in droves, Puerto Rico is bulging at the bedrooms and bursting at the beach. She is literally turning visitors away at the door.

It is ironic that the boom which the Commonwealth has been preparing for years should have thus exploded so soon. A land of many ironies, Puerto Rico is actually still only in the first stages of a giant program for prosperity, in which tourism plays a major role. No resort in the world has so many plans on the boards, so many hotels in the offing, so many port and

pleasure facilities in blueprint. These were to come into being gradually over the next few years, but events elsewhere changed things. The strange fate of Cuba, for instance, dour and hostile behind its beards these last 12 months; the unrest in Haiti; the political churning in the Dominican Republic have speeded up the actuality of the program almost to the very limits of its planned potential. American would-be tourists, scanning the Caribbean scene, suddenly realized that in Puerto Rico they could find stable conditions under an American flag. They also found the first of the new hotels, major in concept, supermodern in execution, perched at

the seaside in a nest of cabanas and beach chairs under a golden sun and in temperatures that stayed reliably between 79° and 80°. The gaming parlors and the nightclubs throbbing with the cha-cha-chas were just an elevator's ride away. The advance guard gave three chas for Puerto Rico and came home sun-tanned and rum-cheered, to spread the good word.

The result was a tourist rush that shattered precedent. There were so many cases of hotel overbooking during the 1959 winter season that the Commonwealth placed an ad of explanation in *The New York Times* and the government opened the new wing of the Presbyterian Hospital for tourists. And this season, to quote Alphonse Salomone, manager of the Caribe Hilton, "is merely the most fantastic that ever existed."

Under this pressure, work on the

new projects has accelerated. Probably the most ambitious is the Vieques Island Club, a \$16 million resort being built and financed by two young millionaires, Robert F. Woolworth and Thomas O'Connor. It has already cost Puerto Rico the services of its young and able tourist administrator, Rafael Benítez Carle, who recently quit government service to join the venture. Located on nearby Vieques Island, where Benítez Carle was born, it will be crowned with a 100-room hotel in Spanish Catalan style designed by Ballard, Todd and Saffbe, who are responsible for Jamaica's Round Hill, Lake Round Hill, it will offer lots for sale and require landowners to build in the club's prescribed style. A bath and tennis club with beachside rooms will nestle alongside the mile and a half of Sun Bay Beach. Moon Bay Beach is half a mile away. The plans call for a yacht club and marina with 16 cabana-type sleeping quarters for yachtsmen who yearn for a night ashore, and a championship golf course replete with cliffhanging lies along the lines of Pebble Beach and Cypress Point.

COLORS OF CABINS

Another island cabana colony will rise on the hitherto uninhabited atoll called the Isla de Lobos, near Pajardo on the east coast. In the seaport of Pajardo itself will be built an 80-room inn to be operated by the Hotel Corporation of America, as well as a colony of 80 tourist cabins called La Sardinera. Two piers and a marina are going in at the nearby fishing village of Las Croabas, as well as a shoreline promenade, tennis courts, a pool and seven vacation cottages. Far across the island the Villa Parguera will get 50 new rooms to add to the 35 spread around its new pool.

Puerto Rico, refuge for the expense-account executive, at last will also begin to develop hotels for middle income groups. The Hotel Corporation's 216-room Charter House will open in San Juan in November. Sheraton expects to break ground in April on a choice ocean-front site two blocks from last year's flashy La Concha. The Coral Beach, near the San Juan Intercontinental in the airport area, will be completely rebuilt and is expected to reopen next winter with 230 rooms, an Olympic pool, roof gardens and the usual trimmings. Even

Rockefeller's Dorado Beach, with its own airport and its own championship golf course hacked out of the jungle, has added another dozen rooms along a pair of crescent beaches that border the grounds.

Coming soon to strengthen the strain of island cuisine are such famous names as Truere Vie and Maxim's of Paris. The month's big opening was the \$4 million Intercontinental Hotel perched on a mountain-top looking down on Ponce, 50 miles southwest of San Juan, and Puerto Rico's second city. From the heights, once a Spanish lookout post, guests will be transported to the beach, 10 minutes away, which because of its dry and sunny climate many observers think will eventually become Puerto Rico's Waikiki.

There is, in fact, such a boom in bananaland that Governor Muñoz Marín has been accused of muffling tourism lest it cloud the whole island with commercialism and swamp the local culture. It is no secret that he has urged caution so that Puerto Rico will not become totally dependent on tourism's fast dollar. He views with alarm the touristy aspects of such holy places as Lourdes and Nazareth. He wants no hustlers and no hucksters preying on visitors. Already there are some minor evidences. The concessionsaire in San Juan's handsome airport jacks up the price on every book and magazine and even charges a niggling 2¢ extra for a 5¢ newspaper. The drugstore in the Caribe does the same, lamely justifying itself as a "store of accommodation."

If tourism is not controlled, says one government counselor, echoing the fears pronounced by the governor, "we may become a floating Atlantic City." To avoid this, the island's jackhammering Operation Bootstrap is being tempered with a simultaneous and more gentle effort called Operation Serenity. Albeit with muted trumpet, Serenity is sounding the call for a cultural development to run side by side with the economic program—specifically, a restoration of traditional Spanish colonial architecture throughout the island. Bootstrap and Serenity come together in a narrow street called the Calle del Cristo, one of the original 13 streets laid out in old San Juan behind the protective sea wall. El Morro fortress commands its heights, and its lower end is marked by a tiny chapel set

there to commemorate a horseman who was miraculously saved from death when, in a race around the hairpin curve in 1753, his horse plunged over the cliff. The tiny strip of a street is still paved with blue cobblestones that rode as ballast in the hulls of Spanish galleons westward bound to pick up treasure. Just a block or so off Cristo Street the ancient stones of La Fortaleza, bastion of Muñoz Marín, were first set in place in 1533.

These ancient Spanish façades must by law be carefully preserved, but behind them new shops and inns are being built. One of the handiest of the new inns being whittled out of the old interiors will be El Convento, formerly the Convento las Monjas. In its central patio where the nuns once walked, workmen are installing a swimming pool, and tomorrow's tourists will dine under the great high ceiling of the chapel where yesterday's penitents prayed. The stream of blue cobbles runs downhill just outside the door. Across the street is the white façade of the cathedral of San Juan Bautista, which traces its heritage back to palm-thatched days in 1521. Its circular stairway and Gothic vaulted ceiling date back to its first reconstruction in 1540.

JAZZ AND VICTORIAN DRIPPINGS

Down the block La Residencia is emerging from a three-century sleep as a handsome pension with red-tiled floors, beamed ceilings, carved banisters and decorator tiles under each step of the stairs. Passeis-by shop next door in the tropical Castilian air of the Casa Cavanaugh, and Martha Sleeper, the Caribbean couturière, has her own cove on the corner, with wrought-iron chandeliers banging from the overhead beams. Jazz and a welter of Victorian drippings are hidden behind the eight Spanish colonial doors of a new place called the Ocho Puertas. Here amid all the history, guests pull up to marble tables and perch on stuffed velvet chairs to nibble on hot hors d'oeuvres while the blarings of imported gut bucket shiver the ancient timbers.

All these projects last year helped lift the capital investment in Puerto Rico tourism past the \$50 million level. But the score or more of major projects which will get under way in

CONTINUED



OPERATION BOOTSTRAP is producing these new or expanded facilities: (1) Dorado Beach, 12 new rooms; (2) El Convento, 90 rooms; (3) Swiss Chalet, 160 rooms; (4) La Residencia Guest House, 15 rooms; (5) El Miramar Charter House, 205 rooms; (6) Condado Beach, 100-room annex; (7) Sheraton, open 1961, 408 rooms; (8) Coral Beach, open 1961, 230 rooms; (9) Guest House, 24 rooms; (10) El Comodoro, 80 rooms; (11) La Sardinera, 80 cabins; (12) Cabana Colony, 32 rooms; (13) Vieques Project, 100 rooms; (14) Hotel Mella, 160 new rooms; (15) El Ponceño, 170 rooms; (16) Villa Farguera, 30-room wing; (17) La Palma, 60-room expansion.

TRAVEL continued

the coming months will double the size of the island's tourist plant in perhaps two years. Even before this enlargement, the more than 300,000 tourists who will burst the seams of the hotels this year will leave over \$50 million in Puerto Rico.

A SPECTER KILLS A ROOM

Strange as it may seem, the whole idea of tourism in the once Stricken Land was an accident. In an early abortive try at bringing visitors to the lush island so newly under the American flag, the Vanderbilt interests in 1918 put up the Condado Beach Hotel, a pleasant establishment overlooking the sea. But the hotel was no more than up and open before the island, like the rest of the U.S., was faced with the specter of Prohibition. Puerto Rico was given a local option. Only about 40% of the population could read and write, and in the ensuing vote the coconut was used as the symbol of the dregs, while the bottle stood for booze. Mainland influence, plus the familiarity of the coconut and the desire of the young colony to do the right thing under its new allegiance all conspired to return a dry vote. Tourism on the island died aborning, and Puerto Rico had to wait 30 years for its next chance.

When it came, Muñoz found a firebrand to keep the steam up: a smiling, energetic Puerto Rican whizbang named Teodoro Moscoso, who was trained as a pharmacist in Philadelphia. Abandoning pill-rolling to

his family, which owns a chain of drugstores, Moscoso moved rapidly after World War II to design tax laws that would prove alluring to continental businessmen. Successful in bringing them to the island on exploratory trips, Moscoso was unable to put them up in the style to which they had long been accustomed. The Caribe Hilton was built for businessmen operating between North and South America, and particularly for those who the Commonwealth hoped would stop over to survey the local business attractions.

The Hilton, and the hoopla which it attracted at its opening in 1950, actually triggered the second coming of tourism to Puerto Rico. Moscoso parlayed the publicity and the promotion with more of his own, putting a million dollars in rum advertising into ads which slyly sold Puerto Rico as sort of a short-order Shangri-La favored by young socialites from Darien. The crowning success of his psychological insinuations in the mainland press came last year when *The New Yorker* printed a cartoon showing a distraught lady in a parlor saying, "The last we ever heard of poor Rodney was in an ad for Puerto Rico. There was a photograph of Rodney, and the ad said that he was very fond of Puerto Rico and rum."

Tourism today is Puerto Rico's fourth largest industry, after garments and textiles, sugar and dairy products. Moscoso is confident that it can take over second place. To assure its progress and assuage the fears that Muñoz has voiced, Moscoso

maintains a vigilant patrol of the industry. Taking a lesson from the pre-Castro ills that racked Cuban gambling, Puerto Rico has diligently scrubbed out the mob. The Commonwealth hires John Searns, the gambling expert, on a retainer basis to supervise the play. It assigns gambling inspectors to each of its six casinos, brings them in early each night to measure the dice and inspect the cards and rotates them regularly. Investors are required to spend \$5 million on a hotel before they become eligible for a gambling license. If the investors want to keep the tax exemptions that make Puerto Rico so popular, they must abide by the regulations of a hotel code written by the hotel school of Cornell University.

Guest facilities are now being carefully zoned. The big skyscraping inns that have shut out the sea view in other resorts are being grouped into what Moscoso calls "hotel nucleuses." In between the groups of hotels there will be, says he, "a helluva lot of Puerto Ricans. That's what gives the color and that way we hold to the governor's theory."

A THEORY OF STATEHOOD

The governor's "theory," which is to say, his fear of cultural inundation, is not what causes him to shy away from statehood, a growing movement in Puerto Rico. Says he, "The sincere people who want statehood must be bad economists. Puerto Rico is currently developing twice as fast as the U.S., but we would suffer a \$188 million loss if we were to get statehood tomorrow." Muñoz reasons that statehood would bring an abrupt end to the tax benefits, both corporate and personal, which bring businesses and businessmen to the island. Moscoso, the practical businessman with an eye cocked to the tremendous economic uplift that tourism can bring, is likewise not eager to stifle the new-found bonanza for the sake of a star. As for culture, he is duty bound to heed warnings that Muñoz issues, but he does not share the governor's fears. "The U.S.," says Moscoso, "still hasn't assimilated Brooklyn culturally. As for us, listen to the Latin muse you play up there. Look at the impact of *West Side Story*. Why, a country which has displayed such a vigor may impinge culturally on the U.S. before the U.S. impinges on us."

END

Tip from the Top

Grooving the swing

DESPITE its lethal appearance, the blunt instrument below is no policeman's cudgel. It is, rather, something of a paradox—a golf club without a clubhead, and a club, moreover, that was designed expressly to hit nothing. Yet if you use it correctly, you can learn how to groove your swing and therefore improve your timing and power.

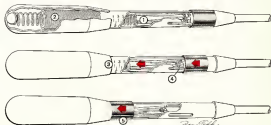
The club was invented by RAF Wing Commander M. V. Blake and is called the "Swing-rite." It is fitted with a heavy steel head and a sliding ring. Its weight and balance give it the feel of a regular club, and if you

swing it the right way, it will produce a sharp and gratifying thwack at the point where the ball ordinarily is. Figuratively speaking, you will have hit the ball when the clubhead has reached its maximum speed. If you do not hear the crack, or if it comes before the imagined point of impact, you have uncocked your wrists too soon (hit from the top). A late click reveals that your swing has been taken with a forward lunge or that the hit was delayed too long.

The club, to be marketed soon in the U.S. for about \$15, can be adjusted for soft pitches and chip shots.

STEEL HEAD is attached to regular golf club grip, short shaft. It can be adjusted to fit weak, average or powerful swings.

CENTRIFUGAL FORCE created by the swing jams weight (1) against the tightly coiled spring (2), which can be regulated by setting the steel head (3) at any desired degree: high numbers for a powerful swing, middle numbers for an average swing, low numbers for an easy swing. The moving weight draws in the triggers (4), thus releasing the metal ring (5). The ring then slides down the shaft and strikes the steel head with a loud crack.



NEXT TIP: Phil Taylor on stepping on the spot

Four for the record book

An Australian stole the show, but three Americans set world marks, too, as the indoor track season reached its climax. The U.S. looks better than ever

As the scarlet-clad little man pounded relentlessly into the third mile of the race, the crowd in the intimate confines of Madison Square Garden began a swelling roar. Even the athletes beside the tight oval of the wooden track were yelling. Only Al Lawrence, running with an odd, upright, chest-out stance, seemed rapt in a pool of silence, his face calm, suggesting that his mind was thousands of miles away, as indeed it was.

He won the 3-mile run by 200 yards in 13:26.4, breaking the world indoor record by an incredible 10 seconds. He seemed fresh at the finish as he trotted slowly on around the track, pausing once to embrace his coach, Johnny Morris of Houston. The tight-packed crowd at the U.S. Indoor Track and Field championships stood and applauded steadily until he left the track. "My legs felt light before the race," he said later. "I knew it would be one of my very best or it would be a fizzer."

Lawrence ran the first quarter of this race in 65 seconds, dangerously fast. "I was trying for 68," he said. "I was a bit amazed when I heard 65. I wanted to hit the half in about 2:18." He ran the first half mile in a whistling-fast 2:12.7 instead. His coach, standing at a curve and yelling the times at Lawrence as he went by, tried to slow him. "I kept thinking he was going to get in trouble," Morris said. "He kept nodding he was O.K., so finally I waved him on and said 'Let her go.'"

Lawrence, unfortunately for the U.S., is an Australian. He will, if the Olympic committee down under has any sense at all, run for Australia in the Olympics. That's why his mind was miles away as he ran his marvelous race last Saturday. Australia has no Olympic tryout meet; the team



UP AND AWAY goes weight as Harold Connolly shatters the world record.



UP AND OVER goes John Thomas in his continuing attack on high-jump mark.

will be selected on comparative times, which must be submitted before the selection date, March 25. Lawrence's performance in this race should get him on the team.

His was one of four world record performances in this meet which climaxed the indoor track season. While Lawrence's win only served to point up the U.S.'s deficiency in the longer races, there were enough fine efforts by American athletes to make it evident that now, early in this Olympic year, the U.S. is well on its way to producing its best track and field talent of all time.

John Thomas, the precociously poised 18-year-old sophomore from Boston University, broke his own world indoor record in the high jump by clearing 7 feet 2 inches. He missed once at that height; a more emotional young man might have, in the term the athletes use, psyched out. Thomas seemed to gain confidence from the near miss. He waited only briefly before his second attempt at a height never before cleared in human history, then he made the jump quickly and easily, his long body poised unforgettably for a moment over the cross bar like some giant bird. Then he was down in the pit, the bar firmly in place. The silence which had preceded his jump was shattered by a great, quick burst from the crowd.

Thomas did not try to better his record but you get the feeling, watching him, that he is far from his ceiling.

Possibly the most spectacular performance of all, in terms of exceeding a previous world record, was accomplished before a handful of people, most of them contestants, in an armory during the afternoon. Harold Connolly, who has gained 20 pounds with an intensive weight-lifting program during recent months, whirled precisely through the violent, straining pirouette which precedes the weight throw, then lofted the 35-pound ball 71 feet 2½ inches, some five feet farther than the old record. In terms of the margin by which the record was broken, his throw was the equivalent of a remarkable 68-foot shotput. This event, by the way, is not even Connolly's specialty. He is also the world record holder in the hammer throw. On the basis of this performance in the weight throw, which is not an Olympic event, the U.S. should be able to count on a gold medal in the hammer, which is.

Bo Roberson, who would like to play professional football when he finishes his track career, set the other world indoor record by broad-jumping 25 feet 9½ inches, a half inch farther than Jesse Owens jumped in this meet in 1935. Roberson has made prodigious improvement in the broad

jump since his graduation from Cornell and football and his consequent concentration on this event.

"I'm disappointed," he said after his record. "My tail was dragging. It must have been. They measured from where my rear hit, not where my heels hit. There's no reason why I shouldn't be over 26 feet right now."

He doubtless will be over 26 feet in the outdoor track season beginning now. He is one of the athletes who make it nearly certain that the U.S. will continue its domination of field events in the 1960 Olympics. Connolly, Thomas, Don Bragg (15 feet 5 inches in the pole vault) and Parry O'Brien (61 feet 8 inches in the shotput) are other indoor champions in a class by themselves. And the tremendous crop of U.S. sprinters, most of whom bypassed the indoor season, is better than ever.

Even in the distances, there is hope. "I'm sure the Americans will eventually dominate the distances," Lawrence said the morning after his race. "There's a great upsurge of interest here in distance running."

No one seems likely to challenge Lawrence, however, in either the 5,000- or 10,000-meter runs. He wants to try this rarely achieved double at Rome, and no one who saw him in the Garden would bet against his winning both events.

END

UP FRONT with no one close is Australia's Al Lawrence, 10 seconds under the 3-mile record.



UP AND OUT goes Bo Roberson en route to 25-foot 9½-inch broad jump which broke oldest of indoor records, Jesse Owens' 25 feet 9 inches set back in 1935.



CHARLES GOREN / Cards

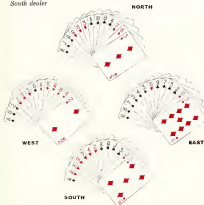
A hand with a punch

THE NOMENCLATURE of contract bridge is full of colorful terms borrowed from other sports. For example, the play that makes an opponent surrender a trick because he cannot guard two suits at the same time was named the squeeze by Sidney Lenz. It reminded him of the baseball maneuver which sometimes is used to deliver the winning run from third base.

Baseball also furnishes the force. In bridge, this describes the play that compels declarer to use his or dummy's trumps. Punching, a word from boxing, is used by bridge players to describe the same force action.

The ring, of course, has many punches. There is an equal variety of jabs and biffs at the bridge table. Take, for instance, this one, which I was lucky enough to watch. It was brought up from the floor in order to make the declarer expend a high trump, and I called it an uppercut. The term still strikes me as apt, for in bridge, as in boxing, you have to set yourself for the uppercut before you can deliver it.

Both sides vulnerable
South dealer



| SOUTH | WEST | NORTH | EAST |
|-------|------|-------|------|
| 1W | 2H | 2V | PASS |
| 4W | PASS | PASS | PASS |

Opening lead: diamond king

With 10 points in high cards, North had a good free raise in spite of holding only three trumps. But the trump suit was not as solid as it appeared. Its weakness lay in its vulnerability to the uppercut.

West took the king of diamonds and then the ace, with East echoing to show he wanted the suit continued. West knew that a third lead of diamonds would not produce a ruffing trick for East so he toyed briefly with the idea of shifting to a club. But the high cards in plain sight proved that South must surely have the king of clubs and probably other honors in that suit as well, so a club lead could only help declarer avoid any possible guess.

Another possibility was for West to underlead the ace of spades in hopes that East held the queen. But the bidding had marked West for the missing strength so even if declarer did not have the queen of spades there was little chance of his failing to play dummy's king.

Obviously, the correct strategy was to develop a trick in the trump suit itself with the aid of an uppercut. If East held the 10 of hearts and used it to ruff a third round of diamonds he could force South's ace or king and leave West with a sure trump trick.

Having reasoned thus far, West led the 8 of diamonds: not the highest one, because he wanted to be sure East would ruff, but a higher one than necessary as a warning that South could overruff, so that if East held two trumps he would ruff with the bigger one.

East dutifully trumped the trick with his 10 of hearts—and the knockout punch was on its way. If South had stood still and taken the punch, overruffing with his king or ace, he could not escape losing a trump trick and the ace of spades, to be set one trick.

But West's timing was a trifle off, and South was able to roll with the punch and escape the knockout. Instead of overtrumping, South simply threw off his queen of spades.

That took the sting out of the punch and preserved the solidity of declarer's trump suit. He ruffed the spade return, drew trumps and claimed the balance.

Since West could never hope to win more than a single spade trick, he should have cashed the ace of spades before launching the uppercut. Then the third round of diamonds would deliver the knockout punch.

EXTRA TRICK

Before you try an uppercut, make sure that you have taken the necessary side tricks so that declarer will catch the full brunt of the blow.

END

WIN THIS SON OF HILL PRINCE WINNER OF \$420,000

Kentucky Club 7TH Annual Derby Day Contest



First Prize goes to this roan Thoroughbred colt plus two choice seats to 1960 Kentucky Derby—plus hotel room for four days—plus \$1,500.00 for expenses and to shoot the works at the races.

THIS YEAR'S Kentucky Club Derby Day Contest brings you a golden opportunity to win a colt with top potential. His sire, *Hill Prince*, was winner of 17 races and \$420,000—has sired 12 stake winners. His grandaire, *Princequillo*, sired *Round Table*, leading money winner of the world.

Just name this prize colt and he's yours. No need to worry about how you would take care of a race horse. Kentucky Club pays all expenses for board and training your prize colt by the experienced trainer, L. K. Haggis, at War Horse Place, Lexington, Ky., to July 1, 1960. Later, you can race your prize colt or sell him, as you wish. He may bring you a fortune.

IT'S EASY TO WIN. Awards will be made for the best names for this son of *Hill Prince*. For example, a name might be *Kentucky Hills*. Don't send in this name. Think of better ones.

Ted Atkinson, Hall of Fame Jockey, helped select this prize colt



TED SAYS: "This is a great colt—a great contest—and a great line of tobacco. It's easy to find your personal pipe tobacco in Kentucky Club's blends. All packaged in moisture-proof Keneal Pouch that keeps tobacco fresh, mellow and cool-smoking."



Just name him and he's yours

USE THIS ENTRY BLANK OR PLAIN PAPER . . . SEND AS MANY ENTRIES AS YOU LIKE



NAME FOR HORSE. NOT OVER 16 LETTERS OR 3 WORDS

PRINT YOUR NAME

CITY

STATE

Send with each entry front of outer wrapper from any of Kentucky Club's 8 brands of tobacco. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, April 11, 1960. Mail to: Kentucky Club Derby Day Contest, P. O. Box 234, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

TOTAL OF 500 GREAT PRIZES



2nd TO 11th PRIZES—Futaba Gibson Suburban Air Conditioner Two H. P. Cools 3 whole rooms, yet fits small windows. Automatic thermostat. Extra dehumidification section. Total comfort cooling. Beautiful trimline cabinet finished in Baffin Beige and Antique White.

12th TO 74th PRIZES—Ortensier, the original liquidizer-blender with exclusive Features. Glass container open at both ends. Removable blades for thorough cleaning. Tapered cutting well for continuous feeding. Food magic at the flick of a switch.

75th TO 500th PRIZES—Eight beautiful "Derby Day" glasses especially created for winners of this contest.

In winner of Churchill Downs during Derby Day week. If, because of accident or other reason, it is necessary to withdraw the colt described above, another Thoroughbred of comparable value will be awarded. List of winning persons available to those requesting same and enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

CONTEST RULES: 1. In not over 16 letters nor more than three words, write a name for the Kentucky Club prize colt. Count punctuation or space between words as letters. For example, *Kentucky Hills* counts as 14 letters. Use plain paper or entry blank. Print your name and address.

2. Send as many entries as you like to—
"Kentucky Club Derby Day Contest,"
P. O. Box 234, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Each entry must be accompanied by front of outer wrapper from any of Kentucky Club's 8 brands of pipe tobacco: American Kentucky Club Mixture, London Dock, Whitehall, Fresh Creek, Pease's Pease Mixture, Croydon Square, Danvers, Kentucky Club Wild Barley, Wilkesbury Taylor. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, April 11, 1960. No entries accepted. All become property of Kentucky Club Division of Mail, Pease Tobacco Co.

3. Prizes will be awarded as listed elsewhere on this page. Entries will be judged by the Hiram H. Donnelly Corporation on the basis of originality, appeal of thought and soundly judged decision. Each prize is one of two. All members of a family may compete. But only one prize to a family.

4. Scenepics in United States and possessions or Canada may enter the contest except employees of the manufacturers of Kentucky Club's Tobacco, its advertising agencies and members of their families. Entries must be the original work of competitors. Contest subject to Federal, State and local regulations.

5. Top winner will be notified in ample time to attend the Derby, other winners will be notified by mail approximately six weeks after close of contest. Prize colt will be generated



KNIT SHIRT (CENTER) OF 80% "ORLON" ACRYLIC FIBER, 20% COTTON; SWEATER SHIRTS OF 100% "ORLON" ACRYLIC FIBER.

The fun is in the wearing **ORLON**[®]

ACRYLIC FIBER

You're dressed for fun in sweater shirts of 100% "Orlon"[®] acrylic fiber and knit sport shirts of 80% "Orlon" and 20% cotton. They're light as air! Cool as a breeze! Yet "Orlon" keeps 'em in shape through active fun and repeated washings... without special care. Choose from many colors and patterns—and wear them in fun!



ROBERT BRUCE makes knit shirts and sweater shirts shown in a wide range of colors, patterns and styles. About \$6.98 at fine stores everywhere.

Better Things for Better Living . . . through Chemistry
 *Du Pont's trademark. Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or clothes.

DAYTONA "500"

continued from page 22

made was more like the splat-splat-splat of a Venetian blind in a windstorm than the deep and stirring roar of the usual racing engine. With more than 60 of them traveling at varying speeds over the two-and-a-half-mile track, every bit of which is visible from any seat in the stands, there was no significant spacing of the cars and hence no obvious leader of the race; instead you got the effect of a carousel of multi-hued sedans going round and round. It was quickly evident to this newcomer that stock-car racing must be as much of an acquired taste as ripe Camembert.

Which is not to say there was anything approaching monotony in the Daytona "500." These cars, from the very start of the long haul, were averaging close to 150 mph and competing almost recklessly for first place, a fact which the shrill voice of the P.A. announcer never let us forget.

The first really heart-stopping incident came when the car of George Green, an Army sergeant who had flown in from Germany for the race, burst into a ball of red flame in front of the grandstand. Green brought his car to a skidding stop on the infield grass between the track and the pits, and squirmed out of the window on the driver's side before he was fried alive.

Shortly after, the white Thunderbird of Tommy Herbert, traveling flat out, hit the iron guardrail on the top side of the west turn, somersaulted a couple of times and broke into countless pieces. The hood of the car went in one direction, the front axle soared some 30 or 40 feet in the air, an unidentifiable section of flaming wreckage (most likely the engine) took flight independently, and what was left went sliding down the track upside down, with Herbert inside. Another car that was trying to avoid this explosion of metal and fire went end over end into the infield, while several other cars, including Lee Petty's, navigated successfully through the hailstorm of dismembered machinery. Herbert miraculously survived the accident. Almost losing an

eye and an arm, he was the only serious casualty of the day.

With less than 25 miles to victory, Bobby Johns, who was leading the race by six seconds in his 1959 Pontiac, lost control as he straightened out into the backstretch. The car spun viciously into the infield but remained afloat. Once he had regained his bearings he was able to resume the race at the same violent pace. But his lead had gone to a big brother of a fat boy named Junior Johnson in a 1959 Chevy, and that was the auto race as far as Bobby was concerned.



JUNIOR JOHNSON GRINS BROADLY AFTER WINNING "500"

Anyone out to cultivate a taste for stock-car racing need look no further than Junior Johnson. Johnson fits right into the colorful folklore and legend of the southern stock car. He comes from the Blue Ridge Mountain country of North Carolina, which has been the breeding ground for so many of the great drivers, like Turner and Lee Petty and Banjo Mathews. By profession Junior is a truck farmer in that region, but on Sundays when he gets behind the wheel of a stock car he can do things they never dreamed of in a sweet-potato patch.

"Was it a tough race?" someone asked Junior after a scrawny movie starlet had handed him his trophy.

"Not putticky," said Junior.

"Did you have any close calls?"

"Oh, just a couple a times I got nicked here and there," he said, looking at some ominous dents on his car.

"Have you had any tougher races?"

"Oh shore, lotsa times on some of them dirt tracks," said Junior, who is widely regarded as one of the wildest, wildest competitors on the hairy half-mile circuits that are the week-to-week backbone of NASCAR racing throughout the South.

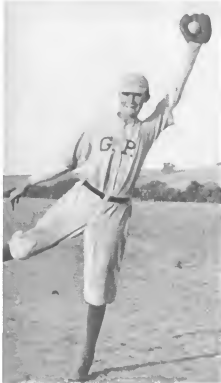
The legend goes that the tradition which has produced drivers like Junior stems from an innate aversion among the mountain people of the Carolinas to the Federal tax on liquor. People aren't going to stop drinking, so someone has to get the local moon-

shine from the stills to the consumer, and this task has fallen to an intrepid breed known as ridge runners. They learn the art of the high-speed controlled skid as they wind their way through the back roads of the Carolinas on dark nights with revolvers on their tail. Of course, there are plenty of topnotch NASCAR drivers who never laid eyes on a jug of Carolina hooch, but the legend is not groundless, and it is one of the things that brings so much color and enthusiasm to the sport.

However, it is easy to be beguiled into reading too literally the backwoods role that so many NASCAR drivers and owners and mechanics like to play. Turner and Weatherly and some of the others have substantial business interests outside of racing,

and they travel about in their own private aircraft just like the peerage of Dun & Bradstreet. The cars they drive, though hardly things of beauty on the outside, are as infinitely and intricately perfect on the inside as any machinery in the world. It is the technical perfection of them, in fact, that lifts the sport above a plane of mere noise and occasional bloodshed. You might buy the bare bones of one of these stock cars off a dealer's floor for less than \$3,000. But if you could persuade one of the truly great mechanics—like Smokey Yunick of Daytona—to get it ready for you to race, you would have to part with at least \$11,000 before it reached the starting line.

Apparently people around the country are willing to spend the money. If you had been at Daytona, you wouldn't wonder why. **END**



FROM YOUTHFUL, EAGER BALLPLAYER (ABOVE, AT 17), WEBB TURNED TO CARPENTRYING, A TRADE HE COMBINED WITH BASEBALL UNTIL

THE WEBB OF MYSTERY

He is the very silent partner in the Yankee firm, but Del Webb has a history as colorful as any of his ballplayers.

In fact, he played so hard he had to quit for good

by JOE DAVID BROWN

WHEN a man is half owner of the fabulous Yankees, hobnobs with the top people in both Washington and Hollywood, controls one of the nation's biggest construction companies, heads or sits on the board of 43 corporations, has a partnership or major interest in 31 companies, belongs to 14 clubs and has so much money that he almost never has to touch the dreary stuff, it puts one's teeth slightly on edge to call him unknown. Yet it's an abashing fact that an overwhelming number of people still have never heard of Del E. Webb or, if they have, find his name only vaguely familiar and disembodied.

Nobody is more indifferent to this phenomenon than Del Webb himself. A quiet, unassuming, impressively



HE FOUNDED HIS CONTRACTING BUSINESS TODAY. AT 60, HE IS PROUD TO SHOW THAT HE CAN STILL STRETCH FOR THE HIGH ONES

well-preserved and well-integrated gentleman of 60 who claims Phoenix, Arizona as home and lists his occupation as contractor, Webb feels that publicity doesn't matter much either one way or the other. He prefers to duck it if he can. When his manifold interests do thrust him into the lime-light, however, he tries to follow the advice given the beleaguered maidens in the old Chinese fable and submit gracefully. More times than not it works, and Webb not only finds himself relaxed but actually enjoying himself. In rapid-fire order not long ago, for instance, he was the honored guest at a reception given by the city fathers of Albuquerque, New Mexico, where he is building a 14-story office building; the co-host of the annual

Old Timers Game at Yankee Stadium in New York; and then a player and honored guest at another oldtimers' game at a ball park in Modesto, California which is named in his honor.

At least several times a month, Webb usually finds himself making a speech somewhere. He is no orator, having a monotonous and somewhat tedious delivery but, happily, this is partly offset by his sincerity. He stands 6 foot 4 inches tall, looks as lean as a range rider at 200 pounds, and when he is at his best he exudes the same sort of level-eyed, laconic western charm, somehow suggestive of sagebrush and wide-open spaces, that catapulted Gary Cooper to movie fame. "Let Del shake a man's hand once," said an associate, "and he will

go around claiming Del as a friend for the rest of his life."

Nobody can deny that Webb is a thoroughly likable man. "Del just looks like . . . well, dammit, Del looks like a man you can trust," is the way a friend put it. Observing Webb's horn-rimmed glasses and neat appearance, one columnist said he looked like the president of the Clive Betterment League. A reporter said he looked like a junior college chemistry professor. Others have described him as looking like a banker, an insurance adjuster and a veteran airline pilot. A West Coast newspaperman probably came closest to the mark when he said, "Del reminds you of someone from your home town."

continued

Webb is not a convivial man. He used to drink, but he quit overnight 17 years ago when he came down with an unexplained fever. Up until then he had been known to take as many as 20 hookers of bourbon a day. He has never drunk tea, coffee or carbonated beverages. He abhors tobacco smoke and usually posts a neat "No Smoking" sign in any room he occupies for long. Visitors looking for Webb's office in his Phoenix or Los Angeles headquarters are sometimes told: "Go down the hall until you see a bunch of cigarette butts outside a door—that's his office." Webb's offices in both Phoenix and Los Angeles are furnished identically right down to the carpet on the floor and the rack of souvenir World Series bats in a corner. By Webb's orders, all building plans, equipment and supplies are kept in the same place in both headquarters, an idea Webb borrowed after seeing how standardization added to the efficiency of chain grocery stores he had constructed.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Valuable assistance in the preparation of this article was given by Ruben Samuelson, sports columnist of the Pasadena Independent Star-News and Arnost Duncan of the Arizona Republic.

Personally, Webb is not as well organized as this might indicate. Like most busy men, he creates a mild chaos when left on his own. He frequently is the despair of his two secretaries because he mislays papers and loses tickets, cancels plane reservations without letting them know and sometimes forgets to advise them of his plans. He also forgets to carry keys to his own offices and on two occasions while working late at night has been locked in and had to break his way out. But when it comes to business, Webb is almost fearfully well organized and attentive to detail. This is fortunate, because his interests are so varied and so far-flung, his corporate structures so numerous and interlocking, that even he probably could not sit down and rattle them off. When asked how much he is worth, Webb smiles and shrugs, "I don't know. There's no way of telling." The only positive way he could tell would be to sell everything at once. In this unlikely event, Webb's

associates estimate, roughly, that he might wind up with \$30 million to \$35 million.

To keep tabs on his empire, Webb requires every corporation and company in which he has a stake, every foreman of every construction project being handled by his company to file a daily report. These reports come from the Yankees and from a toy shop, from ranches and oil wells, from farms and drilling companies, hotels and motels, restaurants, investment companies, a brewery, a box factory, shopping centers, housing developments and even a playhouse. The reports give a breakdown of sales or attendances, report progress or accidents on construction projects. They even give the temperature and general weather conditions.

Webb sifts the reports carefully. "I may go broke someday," he said recently, "but if I do I'll know why. And that's not a joke. There have been many businesses which have gone broke, and it was weeks or months before anybody realized it. But aside from that, daily reports are a good thing in three other respects. In the first place, if people think the boss is taking an interest, they will, too. In the second place, it helps the employee on the scene get a clear idea of what's going on, too. And the third good reason for a daily report is that it furnishes a permanent record; it gives the accounting department something to refer back to if necessary."

IT'S ONLY MONEY

Money, as such, no longer interests Webb. For example, after deciding to join Larry MacPhail and Dan Topping in buying the Yankees back in 1945, he telephoned his financial manager from New York, "I've decided to join the deal for the Yankees. Where can I get some money?"

"Why don't you step around to the Chase National Bank?" the financial manager said. "They're holding a million dollars' worth of bonds that belong to you."

A few years ago after finishing a round of golf with Bing Crosby and Hollywood Writer Jimmy Grant, Webb was playing gin rummy in the locker room. Grant had written a film script based on the life of Heavyweight Champion John L. Sullivan which Crosby had read and told Webb he liked. As they dressed, Grant

continued



McGregor presents the Horseblanketlook in 100% Zefran®

acrylic fiber

win—It's always been smart to be around horses. Now it's suddenly smart also to look like them. The Horseblanketlook is the new look in men's sport jackets. Except Old Paint never had it so good. For these thoroughbred blueblood Horseblanketlook Jackets are out of Dow by McGregor. Every one's a winner. A man might not consider giving up his kingdom for one. But he'd certainly consider giving up his \$40. That's all they cost.

place—Like we say in the caption . . . town and country . . . any country . . . anyplace. Genuine Horseblanketlook Jackets (only McGregor makes them, only 100% Zefran® acrylic is in them) are lightweight lightweight. They travel from town to country, from country to country, from season to season. They're globetrotters and pacemakers and stakesweepers. Speaking of place, they're at: Abraham & Straus, all stores; Bullock's Downtown, Los Angeles; Dayton's, Minneapolis; The Emporium Downtown, San Francisco; Filene's, Boston; The Higbee Company, Cleveland; The J. L. Hudson Company, Detroit; Lazarus, Columbus; Shillito's, Cincinnati; Strawbridge & Clothier, all stores.

show—Continuous. Horseblanketlook Jackets almost never take you to the cleaners. They go into the washer—and come out needing just touch-up pressing. This is because of Zefran acrylic, the supernatural fiber which combines the beauty of a superior natural with the performance of a superior man-made in one wonderful fiber. Horseblanketlook Jackets available in a variety of colors and patterns; also solids.

*Zefran is the Dow Chemical Company's trademark for products including fibers, yarns, fabrics.



ZEFFRAN*

A man in a dark plaid jacket, light shirt, and dark tie is walking between two horses. The horse on the left is brown with a white blaze on its face. The horse on the right is white with a dark mane and tail. They are walking on a dirt path with some small flowers. The background is a soft, hazy landscape.

McGregor presents the jacket for town and ^{only} country

Nobody takes such tender, lovin' care of you as Chevrolet

(and Chevy's cradle-soft ride shows it)

One ride in this new '60 Chevrolet will persuade you most gently that what we say is true. No other leading low-priced car coddles you with Full Coil springs at all four wheels. Or looks after your welfare with Safety Plate Glass in all windows, the convenience of crank-operated ventipanes, the polish and precision of Fisher Body craftsmanship and dozens of other refinements that make a car a comfort to own. Your dealer will be delighted to show you all the considerate ways Chevrolet has remembered you (without once forgetting about your budget):

Roomier Body by Fisher with a 25% smaller transmission tunnel.

Pride-pleasing style (combines good looks with good axes).

New Economy Turbo-Fire V8 (makes friends fast by getting up to 10% more miles on a gallon).

Widest choice of engines and transmissions (24 combinations in all—in satisfy the most finicky driving fast).

Hi-Thrill 6 (built with Chevy's famed ever-faithful dependability).

Coil springs at all 4 wheels (with the extra cushioning of newly designed body mounts to filter out road shock and noise).

Quicker stopping Safety-Master brakes (especially designed for long lining wear).

*Chevrolet Division of General Motors,
Detroit 2, Michigan.*

CHEVROLET

the superlative '60 Chevrolet . . . there's nothing like a new car—and no new car like a Chevrolet. This is the Impala Convertible.



and Crosby began discussing the script again and, suddenly, Crosby had an inspiration. He called out to Webb, "Hey, Delbert, let's make Jimmy's picture ourselves so it's done right."

Webb, absorbed in his gin game, appeared not to hear. "How about it, Delbert?" Crosby prodded. "Why don't you help finance it?"

Webb looked up casually. "All right. How much do you want?"

"Oh, about \$100,000," Crosby said.

Webb called the locker room attendant, asked for a blank check, made it out for \$100,000 and handed it to Crosby. Then he went back to his gin game.

The film, *The Great John L.*, produced by Bing Crosby Productions, Inc., made a substantial profit.

COFFEE SHOP MAN

Webb is usually not, however, given to ostentation. There are a couple of Cadillacs in the fleet of cars he keeps in Phoenix and Los Angeles, but Webb prefers to drive a Ford which has a company emblem on the door. At one time his company kept two private planes, but as soon as commercial airlines had established scheduled flights throughout the Southwest, he sold them. He has no particular interest in food, being primarily a steak and potatoes man, except that he does like large and gloppy ice-cream desserts. "If the dessert is good, Del thinks any meal is fine," said an associate. Although he has a half interest in Navarre's, one of the finest restaurants in Phoenix and, perhaps, the Southwest, Webb does most of his eating in the coffee shops of his two sprawling motor hotels.

Webb has no desire for possessions in the ordinary sense. Someone once remarked that it took a fortune to keep the late Mahatma Gandhi in poverty; similarly, it takes two fortunes to keep Webb unencumbered with possessions. He maintains suites in the Waldorf Towers in New York, in the Beverly Hilton in Beverly Hills and in the Hiway House, his luxurious 250-room motor hotel in Phoenix. Each suite is completely stocked with everything he needs: suits, haberdashery and toilet equipment. Webb seldom stays in any one place for more than a few days at a time. As he shuttles back and forth he simply



YANKEE OWNERS WEBB (LEFT) AND DAN TOPPING STROLL IN STADIUM

steps on a plane with nothing except a brief case or, perhaps, his golf clubs. He is probably one of the best-dressed men in the country, but his faultlessly cut suits are so conservative and he wears them so casually that most people never give them a second glance. Webb hasn't the slightest idea how many suits he owns, but when pushed for an estimate he set the figure at between 150 and 200. Neither does he have any clear idea of the number of custom-made shirts he owns. He does know how many pairs of golf shoes he owns, though, because for some reason he recently counted them: 52.

Baseball fans who know Webb only as a rich contractor and an absentee co-owner of the Yankees are sometimes amused when he says, as he often does, "There are only two things I know anything about and try to talk about—baseball and construction." Actually, the statement is true

to a considerable degree. For almost half his life—until he was 28, to be exact—baseball literally dominated everything he did. His obsession with the game was so great, in fact, that it came perilously close to making a bum of him.

Delbert Eugene Webb was born May 17, 1899 in Fresno, California, where his father, Ernest G. (Griff) Webb, was a contractor and operated a sand-and-gravel business on the side. The elder Webb was an avid baseball fan and as a young man had won local fame as half of a reversible battery with Frank Chance, later the Peerless Leader of the Chicago Cubs. With this background it isn't surprising that Webb can't recall a time when he wasn't playing baseball. By the time he was 13, a bean pole of a kid weighing 130 pounds and standing 6 feet 8 inches, he was considered one of the best first basemen around

continued

Fresno, and if he was lucky, sometimes got as much as \$2.50 a game by playing on a pick-up semipro team.

When he was 14 and in his first year at high school, his father's business went broke. Webb, the eldest of three boys, had to go to work as a carpenter's apprentice to help support the family. He continued with his ballplaying on the side, however, and at 15 was the captain, sparkplug and best all-round ballplayer on the Modesto (California) Merchants. When World War I came, Webb was a full-fledged carpenter and he went to work in the Oakland shipyards and played on the shipyard team. "I was lucky," Webb recalled recently with a grin. "I drew down \$8 a day as a carpenter. The other players didn't have a trade and they got only \$4." By now, Webb had attained his full 6 foot 4 inches, weighed 180 pounds and was known all up and down the West Coast as a pitcher with a mean fast ball.

After the war, he left the shipyards and became a drifting semipro ballplayer, working as a carpenter only for firms which had a ball team. This was the pattern of his life for years, except for a brief interlude in 1919, when he married Hazel Church, a childhood sweetheart. The marriage ended in 1933—34 years later—when Mrs. Webb established Nevada residence and divorced Webb on grounds which have never been disclosed. The Webbs have remained friends and usually have dinner together when he is in Phoenix. Said a friend: "Del probably sees Hazel more now than he did the last few years they were married."

With today's efficient scouting and extensive farm systems, a ballplayer of young Webb's ability almost certainly would end up by being signed somewhere. But 30-odd years ago he had to settle for the next best thing, and for Webb, at the time, that was good enough. He played in the Alameda winter league, the Standard Oil league, drifted in and out of outlaw leagues where he played under a phony name. For a time he was in a winter league where Ty Cobb and Harry Heilmann were players and Rogers Hornsby and George Sisler managers.

During the years he drifted from Idaho to California and back again, Webb pitched every chance he got. As a result he soon had a chronically sore arm. At times it hurt so much

that he couldn't clench his fist and for long periods at a time he even had to eat with his left hand. Webb thinks now that his arm's effectiveness was probably gone as early as 1923, but he persisted in playing ball until a fateful summer day in 1927. On that day he was scheduled to pitch in an exhibition game for the inmates of San Quentin Prison. Those were Webb's drinking days, and he awoke late and with such a hangover that he missed the boat carrying the rest of the team across to the prison. When Webb finally did make his way across the bay, a trusty, who was moping about and obviously sick, helped him find the dressing room. Webb asked for a drink of water and the prisoner brought him a pitcher and a glass. A few days later Webb was laid low with a particularly virulent case of typhoid fever. Twice he almost died and his weight dropped from 204 pounds to 99. He was in bed for 11 weeks and it was a year before he was able to work.

As near as any man can point to a single, well-defined turning-point in his life, Webb believes this was his. He was sick, broke, 28 years old, with nothing much to show for his life except a so-so record as a drifting ballplayer. "That did it," Webb said. "I guess a fellow couldn't like baseball any more than I did, but I knew I had to swear off the game forever." (16 years later, in a similar mood, he stopped drinking.)

OFF IN A MODEL A FORD

Webb's doctor advised him to move to a warm, dry climate if he could, so when he had recovered, he scraped together \$100, packed his tool kit and wife in a model A Ford and headed for Phoenix. Webb's first job was hanging doors at the Westward Ho Hotel, then under construction. He had no way of knowing it then, but years later he was to build a million-dollar annex to the hotel.

Six months after he arrived in Phoenix, Webb was a carpenter foreman working on a new store for the A. J. Bayless grocery chain. He was also unhappy and had decided to move back to California. He drew his \$70 paycheck one Friday and went home and helped his wife pack their model A. Then he went to the bank to cash his check. It was refused because of insufficient funds. This was the second biggest break of Webb's life. Chafing, he stayed in Phoenix until Monday and then took his worthless check to



MOMENT OF PANIC hit celebrities' box at Ebbets Field in 1935 series. Dodgers' Campanella pursued Don Larson's pop

the store owner and asked if he would make it good. The owner agreed on condition that Webb would take over and supervise completion of the store. The original contractor had gone broke but a warrant was out for his arrest. Webb took on the job and that was the birth of the Del E. Webb Construction Co. in July 1928.

After the store was completed, Webb contracted to build another. Then he built a small clapboard office, hung up a sign, and his wife moved in as secretary while he scouted for more business. He built garages and filling stations, chain stores and theaters. It was a desperate struggle at first, but if a contractor had to be struggling Phoenix was probably a better spot than most. It had already started its slow climb from a parched desert town of 29,000 to a thriving modern



foul right to the box, but Webb (in fedora, just beyond Conroy's arm) was hit on the head. Beside him, Henry Crown, New York financier, and Mrs. Casey Stengel take evasive action while Ford Frick (backless, in first row) shrinks away from the ball.

metropolis of 380,000. There were other contractors in Phoenix, but Webb outstripped them all. When asked the secret of his success he invariably replies, "I applied the rules of baseball to business."

REWARDING OF BOLDNESS

This has the hollow thud of a ripe platitude—except when Webb says it. For once his analogy is accepted, evidence can be dredged up to support it. There is boldness, for example. On one early bid, Webb had to list his equipment for a job building an overpass on an Arizona highway. He wrote down: one cement mixer (one-bag size), 10 wheelbarrows, 20 shovels and 10 picks. He got the job anyway.

There is showmanship. A short while after Webb started in business, Gypsy Smith, the noted evangelist,

accepted an invitation to come to Phoenix and conduct a revival meeting. There was not a building in town big enough to satisfy the seat demand. Webb came forward and asked to be allowed to build an auditorium which would be cheap and yet serviceable. He had his workmen throw up a hasty framework, and then 300 civic-minded citizens, most of whom had never built anything bigger than a chicken coop, pitched in and completed the 6,000-capacity building in seven hours. The publicity Webb received was worth more than his fee would have been if he had built a permanent structure.

There is calm in a crisis—Webb never tightens up in a clutch. Contracting is a risky business and when bidding is close and competitive it can be a sort of financial Russian roulette. In

his struggling days, Webb almost hid himself out of business a couple of times. "It's mighty tough to keep your word when you see nothing but red ink staring you in the face," Webb said, "but I just wouldn't do anything else."

Webb was a past master of the art of getting a jump on what he considered the other team, i.e., other contractors. When news was passed around that a new business was coming to Phoenix, most contractors were content to wait until a representative arrived. But Webb would grab a plane and go to the company's headquarters. As a result he has built an overwhelming majority of the chain stores in Phoenix. Sears, Roebuck and Montgomery Ward have massive stores right across the street from each other. Webb built them both at the same time.

A HAPPY TEAM

Besides honing a fine edge to his natural competitive spirit, baseball taught Webb the value of having a happy team. Even his rivals admit that he has surrounded himself with one of the most loyal, closely knit and talented groups of executives in the business. Webb picked most of his key men when they were young, brought them along rapidly, paid them well—and worked them hard. R. H. Johnson, 45, a vice-president and head of the Los Angeles office, started with the company as a timekeeper 25 years ago. L. C. Jacobson, 47, was a carpenter down to his last \$10 when he applied for a job in 1938. Webb, who liked his looks, persuaded him to take a job as a timekeeper at \$25 a week rather than a carpenter at \$45, gave him a raise almost every week for a year, finally made him a vice-president, then general manager, and in 1943 gave him a quarter interest in the company and made him a partner. Webb's executives travel almost as much as he does, make up their schedules a month in advance, and twice a year get together and as far as possible hammer out a plan to pursue for the next six months.

By the early '30s Webb's company was doing about \$700,000 worth of business a year. By the mid-'30s it had reached the \$3 million class and was operating in 12 states. In 1936 Webb established a Los Angeles office and announced: "Arizona isn't large enough to furnish all the business our

continued

PHILCO

All-American

PARTS LABOR QUALITY

5 transistor radio



THE LATEST IN PORTABLES TEST

WITH EXCLUSIVE NEW PHILCO

PowerBoost

PUSH-PULL OUTPUT CIRCUIT

- More power output!
- More built-in performance!
- Longer battery life!

Like mighty elephants and a rich tone speaker give the nasal sound expert from a set of moving dollars more. New break front-on cabinet in charcoal and green. Private listening jack. Plays on two mercury batteries. The best radio of its kind.

7-51-0017 **\$24.95** 7-51-0017



THE VALLEY FORD MODEL 7-12

A 7-transistor pump with that outdoor look. Peak performance! Power Boost circuit! But deep tone too. Under side dial. Built resistant case. Plays on 4 "C" size flashlight batteries.

Prices and specifications subject to change without notice.

\$39.95

Philco 7-51-0017 at more than 4,000 AMATEUR locations.

PHILCO

Famous for Quality the World Over

DEL WEBB continued

company is equipped to handle." This rather grandiloquent statement almost turned out to be premature, because in the very next year Webb almost lost his shirt building a Los Angeles high school. Webb's executives are still touched when they recall that when things looked blackest and the pressure was heaviest, Webb's chief concern seemed to be that he could not pay them a bonus that year. He made it up to them the only way he could: took them to dinner at an expensive restaurant.

A BOUNTY OF BLESSINGS

Fortunately, a steady flow of new contracts made up for the losses on the school, and it was the expanding company's last major crisis. In the limping '30s the most bountiful blessings flowed from Washington. Webb practically commuted there at times. He met Franklin D. Roosevelt early, and an immediate rapport was established when F.D.R. learned that Webb, like himself, had been bedridden for a long period and considered that it had changed his life. Webb was a good friend of Ed Pauley, California oil millionaire and Democratic power; and later one of his closest friends was the late Robert Hannegan, Democratic national committeeman. Through Hannegan, he became a friend of Harry Truman. Webb liked Ike early and still does. At a Dodge-Yankee World Series game the President attended in 1955, he inquired for Webb and was told that he was seated in the celebrities' box across the field. As the President's limousine made its traditional circuit of the field after the game, Ike had it pause in front of Webb's box, alighted and walked over and shook his hand warmly, congratulating him on the Yankee victory.

By 1940 Webb had powerful connections and an established reputation in Washington. But all the contracts he had ever received—or could even possibly have dreamed about—seemed piddling by comparison with the ones he received when World War II began. His first major war contract was to build Fort Huachuca, one of 50 maximum-size Army posts planned for the nation, on 149 acres of Arizona desert waste. The project had to be completed in 90 days at a cost of \$3 million. Webb finished the job on time and then contracted to add ad-

ditions as they became necessary. Eventually the total cost of the camp amounted to \$22 million.

After Fort Huachuca, Webb received contracts to build air fields, Army camps, hospitals, Marine bases, radar schools and ordnance camps all over Arizona and California. All had to be built speedily and usually in isolated, sun-baked regions. The Japanese Relocation Center at Parker—spoken of locally as "the part of Arizona God forgot"—was a typical example of the kind of project which strained the company's ingenuity and endurance. Webb was instructed to



WEBB AND PARENTS are shown in their Los Angeles home. Webb Sr. died in 1954.

erect buildings within three weeks with 3,000 separate units to accommodate 10,000 Japanese internees who, in the early post-Pearl Harbor hysteria, were removed from their West Coast homes and sent into the desert. Both the wisdom and the morality of this project have since been seriously questioned, but at the time it was a job to be done, and Webb did it remarkably well. The half-mile-square site for the camp had been chosen purely for its isolation with no other consideration involved. When the company's huge construction caravan rolled up to the site at 3 o'clock one afternoon, the temperature was hovering around 120°. The area was devoid of shade and covered with a growth of mesquite six feet tall. The construction boss telephoned Webb and reported the hellish conditions and told him he couldn't even estimate how long it would take his men

to clear the area of mesquite, if they could do it at all. Webb instructed him to sit tight. Fortunately, he had a fleet of Caterpillar tractors working on another project at Blythe, California. He phoned the foreman of the Blythe project and told him to send the tractors to Parker at once. They arrived at 5 o'clock in the morning and had plowed up the mesquite by mid-afternoon. Webb then threw 5,000 workmen into the Parker project on a double-shift schedule. The job was completed in less than three weeks. Webb then signed another contract to expand the camp to accommodate another 25,000 internees within 120 days.

Webb's company did \$100 million worth of work for the Government alone during the war years and employed 25,000 men. Its wartime contracts gave it the equipment and financial stability to bid for bigger and bigger contracts after the war and raised it to a Goliath in the field.

Nothing irritates Webb quite so much as whispers that he obtained his Government contracts through some undercover political chicanery. Since he always talks as if he had just been injected with truth serum, he admits that his sole purpose in going to Washington was to try to obtain business for his company. He made many close personal friends in Washington, but he also is proud of the fact that he is a salesman for his business. "We can build as well or better than anybody else, so why shouldn't we get the business?" he asks.

Since Webb's success has astonished and disgruntled many of his oldtime competitors, one is most apt to hear the whispers in Phoenix. A typical—but nonviolent—example occurred during the 1949 sports award dinner held there. The humor at these affairs, as is well known, is usually raw or gootish anyway. For instance, Giants Owner Horace Stoneham was introduced as a man who had inherited the Giants and a cellarful of whisky from his father and had been in the cellar ever since. Then Phoenix Merchant Robert Goldwater, brother of U.S. Senator Barry Goldwater, introduced Webb as "an ignorant sonuvabitch who built a million dollars with a hammer and a nail and a case of whisky thoughtfully distributed in Washington." Webb sportingly laughed along with the gag, but he wasn't amused.

continued

MARISA PAVAN STARRING IN "SOLOMON AND SHEBA," A TECHNICOLOR RELEASE THROUGH UNITED ARTISTS



FOND OF THINGS ITALIANO? TRY A SIP OF GALLIANO

Marisa Pavan says: "I heard a very charming legend about this famous Italian liqueur. In Livorno, it is said they distill the golden rays of the sun and put them in every sip of Galliano. And you know? It does seem to be filled with a golden glow." Have you tried Galliano after dinner? On the rocks, over shaved ice or with a squeezing of lime, it makes a memory out of any meal.

LIQUEUR **GALLIANO**

50 PROOF. IMPORTED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., NEW YORK, N.Y. ©M.C. & R. 1959

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED February 25, 1959 77



**Kuppenheimer
Clothes**

The handsomest interpretation of the "Continental" is Kuppenheimer designed. Line and detail modification is deft and subtle. Now, the "Continental" is for you—to see—try on and enjoy in new "Light Year" suitings... and unmatched Kuppenheimer tailoring.

KUPPENHEIMER CLOTHES • AN INVESTMENT IN GOOD APPEARANCE

IMPORTED BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS COMPANY, NEW YORK 10016 U.S. DISTRIBUTORS • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 46-4 PROOF



V.A.T. 69

THE LIGHTER SCOTCH... WITH GENUINE HIGHLAND CHARACTER

Lighter, drier and smoother, V.A.T. 69 combines all three classic qualities that distinguish a Scotch of genuine Highland character.

ONE SCOTCH STANDS OUT... in its slimmer, trimmer bottle

DEL WEBB continued

Although as far as the startled sports world was concerned he came shooting out of the blue, Webb did not buy into the Yankees on impulse. He first began to consider the idea of buying a ball club as far back as 1942 when he heard the Oakland Oaks were for sale. In the nearly 15 years which had elapsed since he swore off baseball, he had not attended more than three or four games. In fact, he was so uninterested that when Judge Keneaw Landis, who vacationed near Phoenix, invited him to two World Series games, he saw one but ducked out of the other. He thought of adding a baseball club to his interests only as a business proposition, a hedge against inflation and, possibly, taxes. Webb told his lawyer to get a price on the Oakland club and let him know. Some time later when the lawyer called to tell him he could get the club for \$60,000, Webb was frantically pushing work on Fort Huachuca and too busy to think of anything else. He told his lawyer to forget the matter. Quite a while later, as he tells it, when visiting one of the bases he had built, Webb ran into Larry MacPhail, who was then on Under Secretary of War Robert Patterson's staff. Webb and MacPhail had met many times previously in Washington, and Webb mentioned how he had been interested in the Oakland team. MacPhail said something to the effect that if Webb was interested in acquiring a ball club he ought to buy a big one, like, for instance, the Yankees—which he had heard the Ruppert estate would have to sell because of tax problems. MacPhail said he was thinking of getting a group together to make an offer and asked Webb if he was interested. "Count me in," Webb said.

AN OFFER FROM TOPPING

Dan Topping, whom Webb had also met before, was one of the people MacPhail mentioned in the group he was getting together. Webb was building the El Toro Marine base when he encountered Topping, then a Marine captain. They discussed the Yankee deal, particularly reports that Ed Barrow had refused to discuss a sale with MacPhail. Topping said that if he had a chance he thought he could swing the deal. "If you can," Webb said, "count me in."

Shortly after this Webb told Judge

Landis he was thinking of buying the Yankees and asked him what he thought. Said Landis: "If you want to worry when you're making a putt; if you want to worry when having your dinner; if you want to worry when you're going to bed, then go ahead and buy the Yankees."

There are as many versions of how the deal was finally set up as there are participants, but the next word Webb had came one Sunday morning while he was playing golf at the Phoenix Country Club. He was on the 7th green when he was summoned to the clubhouse to take an urgent long distance call from Topping. Topping said that Barrow wanted to meet Webb and asked if he could come to New York immediately. He said he was pretty sure that Barrow would sell the club to him, Webb and MacPhail if he did. Webb left for New York as soon as he could change clothes. The next day Topping took Webb around to meet Barrow. Barrow shook Webb's hand and looked him up and down. "That's a good handshake you've got there—and I hear you're a good man. You'll do." Some details had to be worked out,



A HAT FOR CASEY is fitted by Webb on the white thatch of his favorite manager.

but the bargain was struck then and there.

When Webb first bought into the Yankees he was adamant about its being a purely business proposition. Sometimes he still says the same thing—but now and then the skanky old semipro ballplayer pops up out of somewhere and makes him a little schizophrenic. In his sentimental mood he likes to talk about how

young fellows nowadays, even major leaguers, do things that wouldn't be tolerated one minute on the Ambrose Tailors or Modesto Merchants, like hooking a base on the outside instead of the inside, or pitchers not taking a position on the mound so they can readily pick off a player on first. And always, always, when he talks about baseball one phrase keeps popping up, "The kids all over the country," as if baseball is something held in trust for kids—which, of course, it is.

But then the level-headed millionaire takes over and baseball becomes something of a peanut business—which, of course, it is, too. A gloriously fascinating business, maybe, but still a peanut business, when compared with other things. A good hotel, for instance, costs three or four times more than the best ball club. A good tourist court costs almost as much as the Yankees. And motion pictures! A really big motion picture, says Webb, nowadays costs more than any ball club.

Webb gets annoyed because some people can't seem to understand that he doesn't have anything to do with

continued

FOR SORE MUSCLES

FOR STIFF NECK

FOR ACHES

FOR CHARLEY HORSE

Only approved liniment 1960 Winter Olympics

When overexertion causes sore aching muscles, a favorite remedy of sportsmen is Absorbine Jr. When rubbed on, Absorbine Jr. actually dilates peripheral blood vessel walls, speeding up local blood flow. Unlike mere painkillers, Absorbine Jr. helps you get better faster. In fact, medical experts measuring muscle strength with an electromyograph have proven that Absorbine Jr. "brings your muscles back" twice as fast as nature. So next time you need relief from aching muscles, reach for Absorbine Jr.

Relieves tired aching muscles twice as fast



I like Riegel fabrics*

*because Day's breaks par with Gene Little's slacks in Riegel's blend of Dacron[®] polyester fiber and rayon. In 12 wonderful wash'n'wear colors. Sizes 29 to 42, \$10.95. Available at fine stores everywhere or write Riegel Textile Corporation, Dept. A, 260 Madison Avenue, New York 16, New York. You'll like Riegel fabrics that make fashion.

©1968 Riegel



DEL WEBB continued

the day-to-day running of the Yankees. "Topping runs the New York club," he says. "He's the boss. My father always used to tell me not to have a partner if you can help it. But nobody could have a better partner than Topping. He's a sincere, straight man. I have a 50% interest in the Yankees, but—and I don't particularly care to see this printed everywhere—I think I went to about 12 games last year. Topping is the boss of the ball club."

Something else that nettles Webb is the suggestion that he somehow is a behind-the-scenes power in baseball, a shadowy string-puller and manipulator. Since he seldom raises his voice, he expects people to listen when he does, but when he has a fight to wage or a score to settle he comes out into the open. He cheerfully admits that he is chiefly responsible for the decision to get rid of Happy Chandler as commissioner. "If I've never done anything else for baseball," he says, "I did it when I got rid of Chandler. There's something most people don't know: I was the only baseball owner who knew Chandler. I mean I really knew him. I had known him a long time. Those other owners, Stoneham, Griffith, Briggs—they didn't know Chandler. I used to talk to him about what he was doing. I was sitting with him one day when he called a couple of players up into the stances and held court right there. I said to him, 'Chandler, what in the hell is wrong with you, holding court in the middle of a ball park? You can't make a decision out here. You made a fool out of yourself.'"

"Do you remember the time that fan came up behind Durocher and hit him, and Durocher turned around and knocked him down? Well, I got a call from Chandler. 'Del, come over here,' he said. Well, I went over and he was all excited and running around and shuffling papers and he said, 'Del, I've got to throw Durocher out of baseball forever.' I said, 'What are you talking about, Chandler? Do you have the facts? Have you weighed the facts?' That's the way he was, always making a fool of himself. It took me about 48 hours to get enough votes to throw him out. It was the best thing that ever happened to baseball."

Webb is not a man who raises his voice often. The only other occasion

on which it has happened in baseball followed the Battle of the Biltmore, the historic occasion which preceded Larry MacPhail's exit from baseball. Webb was not present when MacPhail came in, allegedly under the hateful influence of drink, and socked a Branch Rickey defender in the eye, sacked sober George Weiss and almost got himself into a brawl with Dan Topping.

"I was upstairs in another part of the hotel," Webb says. "Dan came in and told me what happened and we went looking for MacPhail, but he had already gone out the back entrance. We went up to Weiss's room and he was all upset about what MacPhail had said. Well, after we had straightened him out, Dan and I called our lawyers and told them to draw up the papers to buy MacPhail out. We sent him word that we would give him \$2 million and he'd damned well better take it. We gave him until 6 o'clock that night."

"I was in a back room that afternoon when somebody came in and told me MacPhail was outside and wanted to see me. I said I didn't want to see him and to tell him that he had better sign the damned papers by 6 o'clock. Well, a few minutes later they came in and told me that MacPhail had signed but wanted to see me anyway. I went outside and MacPhail was standing there smiling and he put out his hand and said, 'Del, you've been a good partner to me.' I said, 'I don't want to shake your hand,' and told him what I thought of him and walked away."

A few dozen ill-chosen words about Del Webb were spoken recently by a kindly old banker: "Del Webb don't interfere with my work. He's not the type who comes around and harasses the ballplayers. He's very glad and appreciative of the fact when the team wins. When he comes into the dressing room he doesn't go around and bother the ballplayers. I think he's a pretty fair guy. He pretty well likes all the ballplayers. He thinks Mr. Topping does a good job; he thinks Mr. Weiss does a good job; and he thinks Mr. Stengel does a good job." Then Mr. Casey Stengel displayed a watch he had been given by Webb on July 30, 1959, when the Yankees were at their lowest ebb and people were yelling for Stengel's scalp. It was inscribed: "Everything considered, the greatest manager who ever put on a uniform." **END**

LEGENDS, MEMORIES AND THE RECORD
Sirs:

Robert Cantwell's article (*The Post, the Bears and the Legendary Red Men*, SL, Feb. 15) on Marianne Moore and the Carlisle Indians brought back many memories. I was at Harvard, 1990-1994, and saw the Carlisle Indians pull the hidden-ball trick on Harvard. It was at kickoff of the second half. The ball went near the right sidelines, about the Carlisle 5-yard line. Carlisle players grouped around the receiver in a sort of crude flying wedge and started toward the other end of the field. Harvard came rushing downfield. They blocked out one player after another, blocked out all in front of them, and nobody had the ball. And there, midway between the sidelines and about 35 yards from the Harvard goal was a Carlisle Indian with a big bump on his back—the ball under his sweater—and running like a deer. That sure was something to see.

Carlisle had not then reached the heights it attained later with Jim Thorpe. They did not beat Harvard the years I saw them play, but they played a good hard game and drew large crowds. Football then was quite different from now. Five yards to be gained on three downs, no forward passing, and if a player was taken out he stayed out, as in baseball today. Carlisle had few reserves, and they left their men in the game as long as they could wobble. I remember one big fullback who was decidedly All-America in ability. He would invariably gain some ground, but would get so weary that they had to take time out to revive him for the next play. And finally when he was completely exhausted they would take him out. And while this giant was playing in the backfield, they had some little Esquimaux that looked to be about 5 feet or 5 feet 2 in the line. Maybe they really were Indians, but we called them Esquimaux.

EDWARD AUTEN JR.

Princeton, Ill.

Sirs:

I read with interest Robert Cantwell's fine article and his account of some of the legendary feats of the amazing Carlisle Indians. One statement is pure legend, however. The records indicate that Carlisle never defeated Yale in football. The schools met five times during the period of 1895-1900... with Yale winning rather decisively each time. In 1900, the last meeting of the two schools, it was Carlisle's (not Camer's) last stand, as Yale's national championship team massacred the Indians 35-0.

GEORGE L. BOZZI

Wallingford, Conn.

● Reader Bozzi is right.—ED.

BRIDGE: N.Y. VS. L.A.

Sirs:

Ivan Erdos' letter (19TH HOLE, Feb. 8) sounds like a delfy from Los Angeles to New York City's bridge players.

While Los Angeles has some fine players, including Mr. Erdos, we very definitely do consider New York *sumos* and will happily field a team to prove it.

Instead of the six-man team Erdos suggests, however, let's make it three or four teams of four, playing as a team-of-12 or team-of-16 match, New York vs. Los Angeles, on a home-and-home basis. The year 1980 would be perfect for such a test; our top players will be going to Los Angeles to compete in the Summer National Championships of the American Contract Bridge League; theirs will, no doubt, be coming to New York in November to compete in the Winter Nationals.

A match, with suitable provision for public kibitzing, might take place just before each of these Nationals, under the joint auspices of the Greater New York Bridge Association and a combination of the Los Angeles area units of the League.

IRA BRALA, President

Greater New York Bridge Assn.

New York City

● Any takers?—ED.

IN GEORGIA AND NEW YORK

Sirs:

The article by Jeremiah Tax about Maurice Stokes and Jack Tuymman, *A Brave Man and A Good Friend* (SL, Feb. 1), is one of the most moving stories in sports of the year, and I want to thank you and Mr. Tax for doing it. If there were more people of the several races and the several faiths being this helpful to each other, we would be a lot better off in Georgia and in New York.

FRED R. STAIR JR.

Atlanta

● See page 4.—ED.

BASKETBALL: BOY, HE'S GOOD!

Sirs:

I thoroughly enjoyed your article on Georgia Tech's basketball team (*Patser Knows Best*, SL, Feb. 15). It is high time they received some accolade other than irate letters from writers who cover the so-called superior conferences.

However, there is one matter in which I disagree with you. You describe Bobby Dews as a speedy guard "who gambles carelessly at stealing the ball and is an erratic shooter." Since I have witnessed all of Tech's home games and listened to the others, and since I know Bobby quite well, I think I am fairly well informed on this. Bobby's value to the team is tremendous. Some people rate him on a par or

above Kaiser as an all-round player. And many of his "gambles" end with Dews having possession of the ball and the opposing player wondering where he came from. After talking to a starting LSU guard after the Tech-LSU game (in which Kaiser hit 30 pts.) I came away with the idea that he was more impressed with Dews than Kaiser. All that he could say was, "Boy, that Dews is good!" Speedy he is—he runs the 100-yard dash right at 10 seconds flat. But he is not an erratic shooter. He does not take as many shots as Kaiser or Denton, but his percentage is 40% on field goals. It is seldom that Kaiser and Denton are both cold, but the only time that it happened this year—in the Alabama game—who took up the slack? Bobby Dews! In the first half, while Kaiser and Denton were finding that they were cold, Bobby shot four times and hit two. But in the second half all Bobby did was hit seven out of seven field goals—all 20 feet plus, and finish with 18 leg points. In the Vanderbilt game, with 30 seconds left and Tech behind by 2 points, who hit a 20-foot jump shot that tied the score? (Tech won in overtime.) This was also Bobby Dews. In the Kentucky game Dews was assigned to Bernie Codman, UK's most productive shooter. Result—Bernie got no field goals and one free throw. Fairly good defense I'd say. Bobby also does much to demoralize the opposing ball handlers with his hawking. They've got the ball, dribbling—and poof, there goes Dews, the ball and the players' confidence.

The only thing that keeps Bobby from achieving outstanding success is the fact that he is so slightly built. At 6 feet, 160 pounds he is too slight to last the full 40 minutes, playing at the pace that he does.

EDWIN JELKS
Georgia Tech

Atlanta

BASKETBALL: MEANINGLESS RECORDS?

Sirs:

I am writing in regard to an incident which your magazine called attention to: the scoring of 135 points by one high school basketball player from Burnsville, West Virginia (SCOREBOARD, Feb. 8).

It seems to me that there are some coaches who have a tendency to lose perspective of what they are supposed to be teaching young boys. If this particular player was good enough, I'm sure that the colleges would have had him in mind for a scholarship. Instead, this coach probably gave instructions for the rest of the players to feed the ball to one boy so a meaningless record could be set. Granted, it is nice to see a boy receive a scholarship and continue his education, but is this the proper way to go about it?

What about coaching ethics? College

continued

Now fly to NASSAU the JET POWERED BRITISH WAY

Just \$33 round trip from Miami on
Britain's Largest Independent Airline



FLY WITH MULTI-MILLION-MILE CAPTAINS AND CREWS... as British as Big Ben and just as dependable. Notice the difference in British Eagle service. You get 3 stewardesses who actually want to serve you, and know how. You get the smooth, luxury feel of jet-powered Viscounts—most modern planes on the route. And in just 50 minutes you're in colorful British Nassau. It's a complete change of pace. It's another world. A softer, slower island world... interesting... romantic... and fun! **FOUR ROUND-TRIP FLIGHTS A DAY** leave Miami at 8 a.m., 11 a.m., 2 p.m. and 6 p.m. How about tomorrow?



BRITISH EAGLE VISCOUNTS give a quieter, smoother flight with famous Rolls Royce jet-prop engines... proved to over 12 billion passenger miles.
GET AWAY — REALLY AWAY... sleep yourself in old world charm. Shop, sight, see Swim. Marvelous hotels. Food you'll write home about!



British Eagle scheduled flights to
BERMUDA and NASSAU from Montreal,
New York, Washington and Baltimore

See your travel agent or
call any Eagle Airways office



**EAGLE
AIRWAYS**
LTD.

19TH HOLE continued

basketball received some adverse publicity a few years back. The same thing could happen to high school basketball.

KARL SEYMOUR

Bagley, Minn.

GOLF-FAIR PLAY

Sirs:

J. Bracken Lee is an able and dedicated public servant. I am indeed distressed to find *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* ridiculing his honest efforts to clean up the city government (*EVENTS & DISCOVERIES*, Feb. 1). Five hundred poorly informed golfers may boo and hiss, but there are approximately 200,000 more people in Salt Lake who are applauding.

CHARLES R. WORK

Salt Lake City

Sirs:

Since you have rightly accepted politics as fit for designation as a sport, I think it should be pointed out that Mayor Lee plays his game more fairly and squarely than the vast majority of politicians in the country today do.

We golfers were given a chance to express our opinions. This is quite a contrast to the deal that set the whole thing off. A couple of years ago, the then commission decided that it would be nice to sell one of our nine-hole city courses and use the revenue to build an 18-hole course, as well as another nine-hole. They locked themselves in their little room, and when they emerged, the deal had been completed. We, the people, got word next day and didn't like it one little bit.

Regardless, things went ahead, and by the time Mayor Lee was elected most of the money from the sale had been expended on the new project. Since it had gone this far, the majority of the golfing public felt it should be completed. When the evidence was presented at the commission meeting, Mayor Lee lost, and it was decided that the project was to be continued.

What's that old bit about "It's not whether you won or lost, but how you played the game"? Anyway, as far as these eyes could tell, Mayor Lee deserved the sportsmanship trophy for this event, if for nothing else than letting the second-stringers into the game before it was over. (Incidentally, I am not related to the mayor.)

ROBERT W. LEE

Salt Lake City

YOGA: HOW TO STOP YOUR HEARTBEAT

Sirs:

May I congratulate Joe David Brown on his straightforward report, *Yoga Comes West* (SI, Jan. 25). Too frequently popularizations of yoga result in distortions which may be embarrassing or incredible to those who have scientific or practical interest in it. Brown has given your readers a fair and balanced picture.

However, I would like to offer some corrections on the report as it applies to our work at the University of Michigan Medical Center. It is not correct to say that Dr. Wenger and I "were unable to persuade meditative yoga to sit" for our

electroencephalograph test. We got a few. Among the meditative yogis was Swami Shantananda, who participated in both the Indian field trials and the tests here at the Medical Center.

The Delhi man's pulse-and-heartbeat-stopping experiment described by Brown is a form of the Valsalva maneuver, well known to cardiologists, perfected by practice and not especially a yoga accomplishment. This phenomenon was thoroughly investigated by us by electrocardiogram, X-ray, etc.

Apart from this, you have presented a good popular summary of the subject, and we appreciate your interest.

BAHU K. BAGCHI
Chief of the

Section of Electroencephalography
University of Michigan Medical Center
Ann Arbor, Mich.

● In summarizing their report "Electro-physiological Correlates of some Yogi Exercises" (*The First International Congress of Neurological Sciences*, Brussels, 1957, Pergamon Press), Bagchi and Wenger state: "It can be said that physiologically Yogic meditation represents deep relaxation of the autonomic nervous system without drowsiness or sleep and a type of cerebral activity without highly accelerated electro-physiological manifestation but probably with more or less insensibility to some outside stimuli for a short or long time." They add that this type of scientific research into yoga practices is valuable "as it may throw light on hitherto unknown or little emphasized physiological and psychological mechanisms and may help to reemphasize some of the essentials of physical and mental well-being." As part of their investigation into pranayama breathing exercises, Bagchi and Wenger recorded a heart-sound-stopping experiment. This is accomplished by two yoga techniques: *saddiyana* (raising the diaphragm) and *jalandhar bandh* (chin lock). "Heart sound and pulse at wrists as checked by two internist physiologists," reads their report, "were diminished or definitely stopped for a few seconds but not the electrocardiogram." The Valsalva maneuver consists of increasing the pressure in the chest cavity while holding nose and mouth closed and forcibly blowing out. The increased pressure directly affects the flow of blood to and from the heart. An experienced yogi may gain enough knowledge of his own heart cycle to know when to cut down the venous flow to the heart through breath control, thus slowing or even stopping the heartbeat. The Valsalva maneuver is used by pilots when making a fast descent to force air into the middle ear to counteract increasing outside pressure.—ED.



HENNESSY SUPREMACY

is unmistakable...

Americans choose it
over all other Cognacs
combined.

★ ★ ★
HENNESSY
COGNAC BRANDY

And V. S. O. P. (Grande Fine Champagne) Cognac
84 and 80 Proof • Schieffelin & Co., New York



Light
as a wisp of
smoke!



Presented by
J. Capps & Sons Ltd.
Darien-Aire
Ragford 2/80

This year make it a cool, collected summer in less than 30 impeccably tailored ounces of Darien-Aire—a J. Capps and Sons interpretation of fabulous Ragford 2/80's fabric. Of course we've included the famous Capps "Forward Pitch" tailoring—the usual Capps careful attention to detail. Look for Darien-Aire at your Capps dealer.

J. Capps & Sons, Ltd.

"Jacksonville, Illinois"

Pat on the Back



SAMUEL NORTON GERSON

'To maintain Olympic ideals'

In the modern Olympics era some 4,000 Americans have competed in the Games, then picked up their laurels and scattered to homes all over the U.S. Samuel Norton Gerson has long made it his spare-time job to locate them and enroll them in an Olympics alumni organization known as the U.S. Olympians. Gerson's purpose is something more than a nostalgia one: he believes Olympics alumni (the world holds 32,000 of them) have an important part to play in supporting the Olympic Games and maintaining "Olympic ideals in sport."

A Philadelphia engineer, Gerson

won wrestling letters at Penn, was a silver medalist (featherweight class) in the 1920 Games at Antwerp. A dozen years ago, "driven by curiosity and the desire to ascertain the whereabouts of my teammates," he began poring over incomplete lists and directories. That led ultimately to the organization of the Olympians, of which Gerson is founder-historian. So far, 1,800 U.S. Olympics alumni have been located and enrolled, and the search goes on for the others. Next Olympian objective: to pass the torch of the alumni idea to Olympic athletes in the rest of the world.



Another adventure in one of the 87 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best in the House"

I just couldn't
be lady-like
with this
man-eating tiger!

1. "In the rugged Himalayan foothills of Assam," writes Mary Himm, an American friend of Canadian Club, "marauding tigers are a menace to life and limb. I'd been on several 'shoots' as a guide, but never as a gun-handler—until I accepted the invitation of His Highness the Maharaja of Cochin Belar. Setting out with thirty elephants and two hundred mahouts, trackers and hunters, I was afraid it might prove a man-eater under-taking for a woman like me. The gra— was so tall, I didn't see the man-eater until we were on top of him. Then, my elephant caught the scent—and trumpeted wildly. Peering down the sights of my .375 Magnum, I looked into the most ferocious face I'd ever seen. That was all I needed to squeeze the trigger!



2. "It was beginner's luck—but when the smoke had cleared, the tiger didn't look frighten—any more. My one shot had stopped him in his tracks. It only remained for the porters to hoist him up and carry him back to camp.



3. "Weighing in at well over five hundred pounds, the tiger measured a good ten feet from nose to tail. His colorful pelt made a handsome trophy for an amateur rifleman. And the natives were never than delighted to get a much-needed supply of fresh meat.



4. "At Rambhagh Palace in nearby Jaipur I joined the Maharaja in a victory toast. 'What better way to celebrate than with Canadian Club,' said my host."

Why this whisky's world-wide popularity? Canadian Club has a flavor so distinctive, no other whisky tastes quite like it. And that's not all. Of the world's great whiskies, the lightest are Scotch and Canadian.

What's more, Canadian Club is *lightest of them all*. This happy combination means that you can stay with it all evening long—in cocktails before dinner, highballs after. Try it tonight.

6 years old • 90.4 proof • imported from Canada

IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRSH KHALER IMPORTERS, INC. DETROIT HIGH-BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY.

Canadian Club



a new high...



high filtration and refreshing taste

High Porosity Paper
air-freshens the smoke

We found out the two things people want most in smoking today—and put them in *one* cigarette, new Alpine. When you smoke an Alpine, you get high filtration. And you get refreshing taste—from Alpine's rich tobacco, light touch of menthol and high porosity paper. Why not enjoy both high filtration *and* refreshing taste in your next cigarette. Try Alpine.